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Charles Markle

His Hymn Book

February 27th 1818

THE

CHRISTIANS' DUTY,

EXHIBITED IN A SERIES OF

HYMNS,

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

DESIGNED

FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD,

AND FOR THE EDIFICATION OF CHRISTIANS.

RECOMMENDED

TO THE SERIOUS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS,

BY THE FRATERNITY OF BAPTISTS.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being. *Psalms* cxlvi. 2.

And when they had sung an Hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives. *Matthew* xxvi. 30.

And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God. *Acts* xvi. 25.

THIRD EDITION, IMPROVED.

PHILADELPHIA:

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INTRODUCTION.

INASMUCH as it hath pleased the most high God, to enlarge the place of our tent, and the curtains of our habitation; it behoveth us to render thanks and praise to that beneficent Being, in whose hands is the life and breath of all things: and, who doth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, nor say unto him what doest thou. Though the heaven is his throne, and the earth his footstool, yet unto man he saith, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I shew the salvation of the Lord." Let us therefore serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Psalm l. 23. and Psalm c. 2, 4.

PREFACE.

DEARLY beloved brethren, and fellow heirs of the grace of God; the apostle exhorts us "to let the word of Christ dwell in us, richly in all wisdom, teaching, and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts, unto the Lord. You are therefore here presented with a choice collection of Hymns, of the most approved authors, suitable to almost every circumstance of life, which we are called to pass through, and corresponding with the tenor of the gospel, and adapted to commemorate the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Saviour, and his session at God's right hand, and his intercession there; the commission of the apostles on Baptism, and the Lord's supper, and the second coming of Christ, without sin unto salvation.

My brethren, in the performance of this noble part of worship, we should have our minds devoutly fixed on God, who heareth prayer, and inhabiteth the praises of Israel; not raising our voices only but endeavouring to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also: lest we be found among the number of them over whom God laments, saying: This people draw near to me with their mouths, and with their lips do honour me, but their hearts have they removed far from me, and their fear towards me is taught by the precept of men. Let us therefore strive

to offer in an acceptable manner the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.

The reason for printing this Hymn Book is: because of the inconvenience arising from having several sorts of Hymn Books in Meeting at once, it was therefore thought prudent to remove this inconvenience, by collecting the most approved Hymns, of the several Books, and reducing them into one small octavo, with a complete Index, which is wanting in the Hymn Book which we have latterly used; although it was otherwise truly excellent.

Dearly beloved, let us be encouraged to look forward, to that happy period, when "all the kings of the earth shall praise the Lord;" when they shall hear the words of his mouth, yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord, for great is the glory of the Lord. When he shall turn to the people a pure language, and they shall serve him with one consent, when they shall come and sing in the heights of Zion; and flow together to the goodness of the Lord. Under these considerations and cheering reflections we may freely say with David: "Let every thing that hath breath praise Jehovah. Hallelujah.

Germantown, May 18, 1791.

THE

CHRISTIAN'S DUTY,

EXHIBITED IN A SERIES OF SELECT

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

The Kingdom of God not in Word but in Power.

1 A FORM of words, tho' e're so sound,
Can never save a soul;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

2 Tho' God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That he has chosen me.

3 Sinners, I read, are justify'd
By faith in Jesu's blood:
But when to me that blood's apply'd,
'Tis then it does me good.

4 To perseverance I'm agreed,
The thing to me is clear,

Because the promises are made
To them that persevere.

5 Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine;
For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's mine.

6 That Christ is God I can avouch;
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my pray'rs.

7 He sent his spirit from above
To change my sinful heart;
I felt his pow'r, confess'd his love,
Renew'd in ev'ry part.

8 Thus christians glorify the Lord,
His spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witness to his word,
With all it's saving pow'rs.

HYMN II.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
No sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.

2 With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in his stead.

3 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind?
How easy the soul, that hath left
This wearisome body behind!

4 Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicts with envy I see;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

5 This earth is affected no more,
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

6 No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

7 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more.

8 This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

9 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

10 The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from waters are free!
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

11 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.

12 What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

HYMN III.

1 ALAS, my God, that thou should be
To me so much unknown!
I long to walk and talk with thee,
And dwell before thy throne.

2 Thou know'st, my soul doth dearly love
The place of thine abode;
No music gives so sweet a sound,
As these two words, *My God.*

3 I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here;
I find no sweetness in their rose
When Jesus is not near.

4 Thy gracious presence, O my Christ,
Can make a paradise,
Ah, what are all the goodly pearls,
Unto this pearl of price?

5 Give me that sweet communion, Lord,
Thy people have with thee;
Thy spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me.

6 Like Enoch let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heav'nly guards,
Upon the King's high way.

7 When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
O come, my Lord, most dear,

Come near, come nearer nearer still :
I'm well when thou art near

8 When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
I languish for thy sight ;
Ten thousand suns, if thou art strange,
Are shades instead of light.

9 When wilt thou come unto me Lord ?
For till thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.

10 Come, Lord, and never from me go,
This world's a darksome place ;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy face.

11 There's no such thing as pleasure here,
My Jesus is my all ;
As thou dost shine, or disappear,
My pleasures rise and fall.

12 Come, spread thy savour on my frame,
No sweetness is so sweet ;
Till I get up to sing thy name,
Where all thy singers meet.

HYMN IV.

Godly sorrow, arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood !

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face.
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The depth of love we owe;
Here Lord, I give my self away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN V.

Unbelief.

1 ALL you that love the Lord draw near,
To my complaint pray lend an ear,
And help me to condole my grief,
For I'm distrest by unbelief.

2 Sometimes I'm such a stupid clod
I doubt th' existence of a God;
But still his terrors work my grief,
While hope is drown'd in unbelief.

3 When thus I'm sore distrest all day,
When evening comes I fain would pray,
And beg for pardon, and relief;
"But there's no God;" says unbelief.

4 But who did all things first create?
Was it not God, the wise and great?

While thus I would assuage my grief,
You have no soul: "says unbelief."

5 But then I make this quick reply,
What makes me then afraid to die,
And after death to dread the grief
Which I must have for unbelief?

6 Besides the Saviour came to die,
The souls of men to purify;
Which clearly proves for our relief,
That men have souls, O unbelief!

7 Blest be my God, that now I see
That Jesus gave himself for me;
I'll praise his name, who bore my grief,
And saves my soul from unbelief.

HYMN VI.

Christ Crucified.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

2 Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

3 For what you have done,
His blood doth atone;
The father hath punish'd for you his dear son.

4 The Lord in the day
Of anger did lay
Your sins on the lamb, and he bore them away.

5 He answers for all:
Oh, come, at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.

6 For you, and for me,
He pray'd on the tree ;
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.

7 That sinner am I,
Who on Christ rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

8 My pardon I claim,
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

9 He gives me the grace,
Which now I embrace ;
Oh, Father, thou knowest he dy'd in my place.

10 His death is my plea,
My Advocate see. [for me.
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd

11 Acquitted I was
By's death on the cross ;
And losing his life, he hath carry'd my cause.

HYMN VII.

Holy Fortitude.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross ?
A follower of the lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause ?
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN VIII.

Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay!
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lovely hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;

We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN IX.

For New Year's Day.

1 AND now my soul another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern!

4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN X.

1 AND why, dear Sav'our, tell me why,
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed and die!

What mighty motives could thee move ?
The motive's plain, 'twas all for love.

For love of whom ? Of sinners base,
A harden'd herd, a rebel race ;
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.

When rocks and mountains rent with dread,
And gaping graves gave up their dead :
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And hid his head to shun the sight.

Then stood the wretch of human race,
And rais'd his head and shew'd his face,
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when nature fail'd ;
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd and rail'd

Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt or earth by far,
Man view'd unmov'd thy blood's rich stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.

Such was that race of sinful men,
That gain'd that great salvation then ;
Such and such only still we see ;
Such they were all, and such are we.

The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd,
And lash'd him when his hands were bound ;
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,
By us were furnish'd to their hands.

They nail'd him to th' accursed tree ;
They did, my brethren, so did we ;
The soldier pierc'd his side, 'tis true,
But we have pierc'd him through and through.

O love of unexampled kind !
That leaves all thought so far behind !

Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

10 For love of me the son of God
Drain'd ev'ry drop of vital blood;
Long time I after idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd man.

HYMN XI.

1 ARISE, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread,
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

HYMN XII.

1 ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes!
And thou my heart with anguish feel,
Those evils which thou can'st not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame !
  See scandal pour'd on Jesu's name'.
The father wounded through the son !
  The world abus'd, the soul undone !

3 See the short course of vain delight
  Closing in long and dreadful night !
In flames that no abatement know,
  The briny tears for ages flow.

4 My God I feel the mournful scene ;
  My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim ;
  And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
  And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thine own all saving arm employ,
  And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN XIII.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
  Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
  To praise the Sav'our's name.

3 Sing of his dying love,
  Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
  For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
  Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
  And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
  Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
  In Christ th' eternal king.

5 Sing till you hear Christ say,
Your sins are all forgiv'n;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
Till we all meet in heav'n.

6 Soon shall ye hear Christ say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

HYMN XIV.

In the Morning.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as 'twere thy last;
T'improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And ev'ry secret thought surveys.

4 Glory to God who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my pow'rs with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XV.

A song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.

1 AWAY dark thoughts, awake, my joy;
Awake, my glory sing;
Sing songs to celebrate the birth,
Of Jacob's God and King.

2 O happy night, that brought forth light,
Which makes the blind to see!
The day-spring from on nigh came down,
To chear and visit thee.

3 The wakeful shepherds, near their flocks,
Were watchful for the morn:
But better news from heav'n was brought,
"Your Saviour Christ is born."

4 "In Bethle'm town the infant lies,
"Within a place obscure."
O little Bethle'm poor in walls,
But rich in Furniture!

5 Since heav'n is now come down to earth,
Hither the angels fly!
Hark! how the heav'nly choir doth sing,
"Glory to God on high!"

6 The news is spread, the church is glad,
Sim'on o'ercome with joy,
Sings with the infant in his arms,
"Now let thy servant die."

7 Wise men from far beheld the star,
Which was their faithful guide,
Until it pointed to the babe,
And him they glorify'd;

8 While heav'n and earth rejoice and sings
Shall we our Christ deny?

He's born for us, and we for him;
Glory to God on high!

HYMN XVI.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men.
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs:
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN XVII.

The Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands:
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows
And diff'rent answers he bestows;

The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN XVIII.

A new Song to the Lamb that was slain, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

2 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the Hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfill thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death and hell.

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;

Salvation, glory, joy remain,
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN XIX.

The Nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wond'rous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

[2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 Go humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly,
The promis'd infant born to day,
Doth in a manger lie.

6 With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your king;
And strait a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard him sing.

7 Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

[8 In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

9 Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.]

HYMN XX.

Love to Enemies: or, the Love of Christ to Sinners typified in David.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows;
Hark! how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart!
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;

And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He the true David, Isr'el's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

HYMN XXI.

Christ the Foundation of the Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

HYMN XXII.

The repenting Prodigal.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,

He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger, here he cries;
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face;
"Father I've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son:
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
[The father gives command]
"Dress him in garments white and clean;
"With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain;
"Let mirth and joy abound;
"My son was dead, and lives again:
"Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN XXIII.

The Pool of Bethesda.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move!
And others, round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same:
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool;
Where streams of Sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No: He is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN XXIV.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of Sov'reign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the secret tear is shed;
O shed yourselves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
The spirit's pow'r to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus, whom we preach.

HYMN XXV.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind,
They know themselves unwise;
But wisdom in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unright'ous are they all, when try'd;
But God himself declares,
In Jesus they are justify'd;
His right'ousness is theirs.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
We sorely feel the fall:

But Christ has holiness enough
To sanctify us all.

4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
We look to Christ and view
Redemption in his blood by faith;
And full redemption too.

5 Some this, some that, good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul;
But we first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the whole.

6 To Jesus join'd we all that's good,
From him, our head, derive;
We eat his flesh, we drink his blood,
And by and in him live.

HYMN XXVI.

The Beatitudes.

[1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

[2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

[3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

[4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for right'ousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living streams and living bread.]

[5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

[6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

[7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

[8 Bless'd are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN XXVII.

On the Death of a Saint.

1 BLESSED are they (the scriptures say)
That dying win the prize,
For rest they shall, their good works all
Do follow them likewise.

2 Death's but a sleep, why should we weep
For those in Christ who die ?
Since this we know to peace they go,
And Joys possess on high.

3 Altho' to dust their bodies must
Be turn'd beneath the clod,
Yet they shall rise above the skies,
And ever live with God.

4 Christ will aloud before the croud
Compos'd of Adam's race,
Confess them dear, who own'd him here,
And bore for him disgrace.

5 Robes they shall have that will outbrave
The whiteness of the snow ;
Most pure and bright, like shining light ;
Such Jesus will bestow.

6 Then why need we dejected be ?
Our loss is their great gain ;
For they shall stand at Christ's right hand,
And with their Saviour reign.

7 Their happy days are spent in praise,
While here we sigh and groan ;
Could we but see how blest they be,
'Twould make us cease to moan.

8 If there was end, 'twould trouble send,
And would eclipse the joy,
But 'tis not so, they'll never go
Out of that sweet employ.

9 When they've been there ten million years,
And millions more are done,
They've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when they first begun.

HYMN XXVIII.

A blessed Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light, their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;

His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength, and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN XXIX.

A Song of Praise for the Gospel.

BLEST be my God that I was born,
To hear the gospel sound;
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
And bred on holy ground:

That I was bred where God appears
With tokens of his grace;
The lines are fallen unto me
In a most pleasant place.

I might have been a Pagan bred,
Or else a veiled Jew,
Or cheated with the Al Koran
Amongst the Turkish crew.

So in a dung'on dark as night
I might have spent my days;
But thou hast sent me gospel-light,
To thine eternal praise.

The sun that rose up in the east,
And drove the shades away,
Its healing wings have reach'd the west,
And turn'd the night to day.

Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear,
I hear such blessed news from heav'n
Not earth nor hell I fear.

7 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high ;

8 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne,
And I with him shall reign.

HYMN XXX.

Charity to the poor : or, pity to the afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor ;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do ;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and death,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

HYMN XXXI.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways
And hates the scoffer's seat :

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight :

By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

(He like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.)

Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

Not so th' impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

His eye beholds the path they tread;
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

HYMN XXXII.

The Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought,
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force.
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

[5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN XXXIII.

The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bounds
The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

2 Exalt the son of God,
The all atoning lamb;
Redemption thro' his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above;
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus love:
The year, &c.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds;
Let all the nations hear,

And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, &c.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 BRIGHT burning beam of gospel grace
Haste Lord, for to display;
For to burn up in all thy saints
Their stubble, wood, and hay.

2 Break forth O sun of right'ousness
Unto the perfect day:
Haste holy one unto thy throne,
Our Jesus, haste away!

3 But O, who may abide the day
When Zion's king shall reign?
Who may abide, when he the pride
Of all proud flesh shall stain?

4 Tremble ye careless ones, that are
At ease in Zion, and
Wonder and stay, because that day
Is very nigh at hand:

5 It now doth dawn; the glorious morn
Begins for to appear;
What else doth mean these lowings, and
These bleatings which we hear?

6 The saints do sing to Christ their king,
Whilst others rage in pain,
Because his bright and dazzling light
Shines thro' the world amain.

7 Redeemed ones, sing praises, for
This fire's but sent to try,
And purge your dross, that by its loss
Christ may you purify.

HYMN XXXV.

Few saved: or, *The Almost Christians, the Hypocrites, and Apostates.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrow'r path
With here and there a trav'ller,

2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restor'd:
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far; for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh we own;
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in blood.

3 His was a baptism deep indeed,
O'er feet and body, hands and head;
He in his body purg'd our sin:
A little water makes us clean.

4 Not but we taste his bitter cup;
But only he could drink it up,
To burn for us was his desire:
And he baptizes us with fire.

5 This fire will not consume but melt,
How soft compar'd with that he felt!
Thus cleans'd from filth, and purg'd from dross,
Baptized christian, bear the cross.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 BY what amazing ways,
The Lord vouchsafes t'explain
The wonders of his sov'reign grace
Towards the sons of men!

2 He shews us first, how foul
Our nature's made by sin:
Then teaches the believing soul
The way to make it clean.

3 Our baptism first declares,
What need we've all to cleanse:
Then shews that Christ to all God's heirs
Can purity dispense.

4 Water the body laves:
And if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.

5 Water no man denies;
But, brethren rest not there:
'Tis faith in Christ that justifies,
And makes the conscience clear.

6 Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine.

The holy spirit works the faith;
And water is the sign.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright;
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have seen the day
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord;"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that would oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-right'ousness and pride;
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN XXXIX.

CAN such poor feeble worms as we
Praise and adore our Saviour's name!
Or bring a tribute, Lord, to thee?
Or half thy pow'r and love proclaim?

We stand amaz'd, when we behold
Thy glory and thy beauty, Lord!
Thy love and grace can ne'er be told,
Which thou to mortals dost afford.

Yet Lord, we would attempt thy praise,
We would exalt thy holy name;
Lord, we would walk in thy sweet ways,
And sing, and tell thy wond'rous fame.

Fain would our souls mount up to thee,
And feast for ever on thy love;
And praise the sacred Deity,
As angels do that dwell above.

HYMN XL.

Resting under the Cross.

CHILDREN of Israel see what shade,
The cross does us afford;
It was for weary trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.

Here let us sit, and all prepare
To sing his worthy fame;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his name.

We sing thy suff'rings, wounds and blood,
The virtue of thy pain:
We sing thy griefs, thou Son of God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knees;
Hail! very God, the promis'd child,
The prophets sang of thee.

5 While others praise an unknown God,
We each will sing of thee;
"Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
"And liv'd, and dy'd for me."

HYMN XLI.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing.
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest,
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you joyfully come on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

HYMN XLII.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

Lives again our glorious king,
Where, O death is now thy sting?
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection—thou!

King of glory! soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this—
Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

HYMN XLIII.

On the PASSION.

1 COME, all ye chosen saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing blood,
In pensive pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad Gethsemane.

2 Gethsemane the olive press!
(And why so call'd, let Christians guess)
Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove,
And grip'd and grappled hard with love.

3 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
And sigh'd, and groan'd and pray'd and fear'd;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough—and none to spare.

4 The pow'rs of hell united press'd,
And squeez'd his heart, and bruis'd his breast;
What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
When sweat and blood forc'd thro' the skin!

5 Dispatch'd from heav'n an angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood;
Ador'd by angels, and obey'd;
But lower now than angels made.

6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight;
Justice exacts its utmost mite.
This victim vengeance will pursue;
He undertook, and must go through.

7 Three favor'd servants left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the war;
But Christ withdrawn, what watch we keep!
To shun the sight, they sunk in sleep.

8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man;

Or wish'ed at least they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.

9 Whate'er he sought for, there was none;
Our captain fought the field alone;
'Soon as the chief to battle led,
That moment ev'ry soldier fled.

10 Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
Hid from all creature's piercing eyes;
Angels astonish'd view'd the scene,
And wonder yet what all could mean.

11 Oh, mount of olives! sacred grove!
Oh, garden, scene of tragic love!
What bitter herbs thy beds produce!
How rank their scent! how harsh their juice!

12 Rare virtues now those herbs contain:
The Sav'our suck'd out all their bane.
My mouth with these if conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the paschal lamb.

13 Oh, Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul
Thy black polluted waters roll!
No tongue can tell (but some can taste)
The filth that into thee was cast.

14 In Eden's garden there was food
Of every kind for man, while good;
But, banish'd thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane.

HYMN LXIV.

The Love of CHRIST *shed abroad in the Heart.*

1 COME, dearest LORD, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the GOD whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' CHRIST his son.

HYMN XLV.

1 COME, descend, O heav'nly spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame,
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name,
Whilst hosannas we are singing,
May our hearts in rapture move,
Feel new grace in them still springing,
Breathe the air of purest love.

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded sea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe;
Love, O love for sinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord still in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee
Sinking in the sweetest union
Of that heart-felt mystery;
Keep us safe from each delusion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from sin and all confusion,
Circle us within thy arms.

HYMN XLVI.

Redeeming Love.

1 COME heav'nly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 God's only son, (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' Almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wondring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN XLVII.

1 COME hither ye, that fain would know
Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin:
Come see a scene of matchless woe;
And tell me what it all can mean.

2 Behold the darling son of God,
Bow'd down with horror to the ground,
Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,
His eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd.

3 See how the victim panting lies,
His soul with bitter anguish prest,
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distrest.

4 What pangs are these that tear his heart!
What burden's this that's on him laid?
What means this agony of smart!
What makes our maker hang his head?

5 'Tis justice with its iron rod,
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine:
'Tis the vindictive hand of God,
Incens'd at all your sins, and mine.

6 Deep in his breast our names were cut,
He undertook our desp'rate debt,
Such loads of guilt were on him put,
He could but just sustain the weight.

7 Then let us not ourselves deceive:
For while of sin we lightly deem,
Whatever notions we may have,
Indeed we are not much like him.

HYMN XLVIII.

Breathing after the holy spirit; or, *fervency of devotion desired.*

1 COME, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy spirit heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XLIX.

Desiring to love CHRIST.

1 COME let me love; or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t'embrace me from the skies.

2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make an heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal's love.

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze. O earth and skies!
JESUS the GOD with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
With groans of an expiring GOD?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
By these dear wounds, says he: and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move;
Then let me melt this heart to tears:
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN L.

To Jesus Christ.

1 COME let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the son of man.

3 O Lord, we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour, and our friend!

4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise,

Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name!

6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By men below,—by hosts above,—
By all in earth and heav'n!

HYMN LI.

The Tree of Life.

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found,
From this immortal food?

3 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

[4 Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

[5 'Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees,
There's ne'er a plant in all that land,
That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r,
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN LII.

CHRIST JESUS, the Lamb of GOD, worshipped by all the Creation.

1 COME let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
Worthy the lamb, "our lips reply,"
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessing more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,

To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the lamb.

HYMN LIII.

The Penitent Thief.

1 COME see the pow'r of Christ our king,
When on the cross the Saviour hung,
His grace a dying thief did bring,
To own him with his heart and tongue.

2 One malefactor scorn'd Christ's name,
The other did his sin reprove;
Then said by faith to God's dear lamb:
"Remember me O Lord above."

3 What noble faith in him appear'd,
That he could trust the dying Lord!
He soon the blessed Jesus heard
Pronounce this sweet reviving word:

4 Amen, this day thy soul shall be
"With me in paradise above"
This made the dying pris'ner free;
These words were full of boundless love.

5 What comfort did this speech convey,
To his poor guilty wretched mind!
When thus he heard the Saviour say,
Great peace the criminal did find.

6 Thus Jesus Christ forgave the thief,
And shew'd great mercy to the man;
So in the midst of woe and grief,
His joy and happiness began.

7 O how he sings the Saviour's praise,
Who took him at the very last,
When he his youthful strength and days
In Satan's cause had spent and past!

8 Now he adores God's holy name,
And stands before the Saviour's face;
And will eternally proclaim
The boundless riches of his grace!

HYMN LIV.

Desiring to praise worthily.

1 COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it!
Prone to leave the God I love——
Here's my heart—Oh take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above!

4 Oh that day when freed from sinning!
I shall see thy lovely face!
Clothed in thy blood-wash'd linen,

How I'll sing thy sov'reign grace !
Come dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd soul away ;
Send thine angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

5 If thou ever didst discover,
To my faith the promis'd land,
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On the heav'nly borders stand ;
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
And to thine embrace I'll fly ;
Speak the word thou spake to Moses ;
Bid me, " get me up and die."

HYMN LV.

1 COME thou long expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee !
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart !

2 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring !
By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

HYMN LVI.

Invitation.

1 COME ye sinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free-bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the right'ous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd,"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN LVII.

The Disciples at Sea.

1 CONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him to sea.
The season tempest'ous and dark,
How griev'd the disciples must be!
But tho' he remain'd on the shore,
He spent the night for them in pray'r;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.

2 They strove, tho' in vain, for awhile,
The force of the waves to withstand;
But when they were wearv'd with toil,
They saw their dear Saviour at hand;
They gladly receiv'd him on board,
His presence their spirits reviv'd:
The sea became calm at his word,
And soon at their port they arriv'd.

3 Believers now like them are tost
By storms, of a perilous deep;
But cannot be possibly lost
While Jesus has charge of the ship:
Tho' billows and winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make them their sport;
This pilot hath firmly engag'd
To bring them, in safety, to port.

4 If sometimes we struggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view,

It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without him can do;
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But Jesus is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time, and does all.

5 Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,
Unless we thy presence perceive;
O save us (we cry) or we sink,
We would, but we cannot believe:
The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, "It is I!"

HYMN LVIII.

The Day of Judgment.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his look, prepare to thee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

5 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprize your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels, have thy part!"

5 Satan, who now tries to please you
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake!

6 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow:
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."

7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN LIX.

A dying Saint's Farewell.

1 DEAR friends farewell, I go to dwell
With Jesus Christ, on high;
There for to sing, praise to my king,
To all eternity.

2 While I've been here you have been dear,
I've always found you kind;
But now thro' grace, I quit this place,
And leave you all behind.

3 Weep not for me, for here you see
My trials have been great;
But now ('tis true) I bid adieu,
And change my mournful state.

4 'Twill not be long before the throng
Will all together be;
And you that know the Lord, below,
Shall then your Saviour see.

5 There we shall join in songs divine,
God's holy name shall praise;
And view Christ's smiles, forget the toils
Of these few evil days.

6 There we shall stand at his right hand,
And in his presence dwell;
And him adore, for ever more,
So brethren, now farewell.

HYMN LX.

God the only refuge in trouble.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 While hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,
And I can say, "My God,"
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail
I fear to call the mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

5 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.

6 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

7 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN LXI.

1 DEAR Lord, how wondrous is thy love
To such unworthy worms as we!
Thou hast sent down the heav'nly dove,
To set our souls at Liberty.

2 We that were doom'd to woe and pain,
Expos'd to death of ev'ry kind,
Thro' Jesus Christ, the lamb once slain,
Do life, and peace, and pardon find.

3 Shall we forget our Saviour's grace,
Who dy'd to save our guilty souls,
And bring us to his father's face,
Where endless peace and pleasure rolls?

4 Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring thought:
May Christ be all in our esteem;
Let earthly things be all forgot,
And counted loss, compar'd with him.

5 Lord Jesus, make us bear in mind
Thy rich, thy pure redeeming love,
Till we shall be for ever join'd
With those that sing thy praise above.

6 Then shall we stand before thy face,
And shout with all the ransom'd throng;
Our cry shall be, "Free grace, free grace,"
While endless ages roll along.

HYMN LXII.

Assurances of Heaven: or, a Saint prepar'd to die.

[1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The right'ous judge of that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid.
And endless praise. AMEN.

HYMN LXIII.

Death dreadful or delightful.

1 DEATH! 'Tis a melancholy day,
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign grace,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,

Come death and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN LXIV.

1 DESERTERS, to the camp return,
Resume your former post,
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn;
For yet ye are not lost.

2 Your's is a sad, a dang'rous case,
Be humble, and repent;
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,
The moment you relent.

3 Sinners are sav'd by Jesu's blood,
How vile so e'er they be;
Eternal life's the gift of God;
And gifts are always free.

4 'Tis not by works of right'ousness
Which any man has done;
But God has sent his son to bless:
Return, and kiss the son.

HYMN LXV.

1 DID our IMMANUEL die for us,
To save such poor rebellious men?
Did he display his pity thus,
That we might come to GOD again?

2 All human language wants a name,
For this unfathom'd wond'rous love:
This pure immortal fervent flame,
Sprang only from the GOD above.

3 What can we add? Our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint:
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a GOD.

O'erwhelm'd with this abyss of love,
We stand astonish'd at the grace,
That brought the Saviour from above,
To die for all the fallen race!

Did our IMMANUEL die for us?
What more can be by sounds exprest?
For sinners CHRIST was made a curse;
Eternity must tell the rest.

HYMN LXVI.

1 DISCIPLES of Christ
Ye friends of the lamb:
Attend and assist
In singing his fame:
Eternal thanksgiving
The faithful should pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this day.

2 A body of clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The sin we had done;
And in it endured
The wrath to us due,
The curse we incurred,
Our stripes and our woe.

3 Not only he dy'd,
But also arose;
Laid weakness aside,
And over his foes,
(Sin, death and the devil,)
He triumph'd, and o'er
This world, and all evil,
Dominion and pow'r.

4 O merciful lamb,
Who sits on the throne,
We bow at thy name,
The Saviour we own,
Deserving our blessing,
And blessing we'll give,
Without ever ceasing,
So long as we live.

HYMN LXVII.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive;
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty thou art good,
Wash all our Works in Jesu's blood.
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release;
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN LXVIII.

Before Sermon.

1 DOES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of Israel's dreadful fall!
Who needed miracles to prove!
Whether the Lord were God or Baal!

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 "Oh, GOD, if I thy servant am
It is thy message fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And shew this people who thou art."

4 He spoke, and lo, a sudden flame
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
The people struck, at once proclaim:
"The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear;
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the GOD of Israel hear.

6 Lord! if thy servant speaks thy truth,
If he indeed is sent by thee,
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy salvation see.

7 Now may the spirit's holy fire
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word;
Consume each hurtful vain desire,
And make them know thou art the LORD.

HYMN LXIX.

Believers buried with CHRIST in Baptism.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the LORD;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did CHRIST arise,
And lives to GOD above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign,
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN LXX.

Every Creature at GOD's command.

1 ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will always provide.
When rain long withheld from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread;
The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Are ravens who live upon prey;
But where the LORD's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of GOD's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many may say to GOD's praise,
By ravens he sendeth them food.
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
If GOD has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven, unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the saints,
O'er-rul'd by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants;
GOD teaches them how to find food,
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven who thirsts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good shepherd rely!
He'll give them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply.
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command:
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN LXXI.

The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST, John i. 1, 3. 14. *and* Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 E'ER the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the word;
With God he was: the word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made:
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 E'er sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning-stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms;
The word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his Face,
Th' eternal father's only son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the godhead shone!

6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of EMMANUEL.

HYMN LXXII.

1 ETERNAL God, thy pow'r make known,
Make the whole earth confess
That thou art God, and thou alone
Dost rule in right'ousness.

2 May the whole earth thy glory see,
And thy salvation know;
And to thy saints, who wait for thee,
Thy works and wonders show.

3 Lord Jesus, come, and take thy pow'r,
And rule us by thy grace:
We wait for that expected hour
When we shall see thy face.

4 Our souls are longing for the day
When Jesus shall be king;
When he our stubborn sins shall slay,
And we his praise shall sing.

5 Our hearts rejoice in Jesu's name,
His word forbids our fear;
We love his gospel to proclaim
That all mankind may hear.

6 But dearest Lord, let us enjoy
That everlasting peace,
That nothing ever shall destroy,
Nor cause it to decrease.

7 Lord here we wait to know thy will,
And to obey the same,
May we our course on earth fulfil,
In honour to thy name.

HYMN LXXIII.

Praise to the Creator.

1 ETERNAL majesty on high,
Thou God of pow'r and love,
Thy hands have spread the starry sky,
And form'd the world above.

2 This globe below shews forth thy might,
Thy goodness and thy skill;
The sun, the moon, the day, and night,
Thy pleasure do fulfill.

3 Beasts, birds, fish, insects all declare
Thou art the mighty God;
Fire, hail and storms, earth, water, air,
Declare thy name abroad.

4 Trees, mountains, rivers, rocks and plains,
Gardens, and fruitful lands
Proclaim, "The God of goodness reigns;"
And will while nature stands.

5 All things below, and all above,
God, wise, good, great proclaim;
Then let the children of his love
Delight to bless his name.

6 The heav'nly father, and the son,
And spirit we adore;
'Tis now as 'twas when time begun,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN LXXIV.

Christ the Beloved described.

1 FAIR Salem's daughters ask to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;

What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of another's love?

2 Yes, my beloved, to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red was his blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun among ten thousand stars.

4 His head the finest Gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.

8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll,
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints
Now smiles, and chears his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew
Sure ev'ry one would love him too.

HYMN LXXV.

God glorious, and sinners saved.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where wisdom, pow'r and goodness shine,
In their most glorious forms.

5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe;
We love, and we adore,
The holy angels never saw
So much of GOD before.

6 Here GOD hath made his nature known,
And thought can never trace,
Which of his glories brightest shone,
In our Redeemer's face.

7 O the sweet myst'ries of that cross
Where Jesus lov'd and dy'd,
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounded side.

8 Now the full glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

9 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN LXXVI.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies!

HYMN LXXVII.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed!

Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From us, adopted in their stead:
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n;
Branded like Cain, they bear the load,
Abhorr'd of Men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes gracious Lord, thy word is past:
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.

4 Come then, thou great deliv'rer come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove!
Receive thy ancient people home;
That quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find,
Life from the dead for all mankind.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Baptism.

1 FATHER of heav'n, we thee address
(Obedience is our view,)
Accept us in thy son; and bless
The work we have to do.

2 Jesus, as water well appli'd,
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side,
Wash thou the soul from sin.

3 Celestial dove, descend from high,
And on the water brood ;
And with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
The water and the blood.

4 Great God, three-one, again we call
And our requests renew,
Accept in Christ ; and bless withal
The work we've now to do.

HYMN LXXIX.

The promis'd Land.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

3 No clouds those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

5 O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN LXXX.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the creator's praise arise;
Let the redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

HYMN LXXXI.

Queen of Sheba.

1 FROM Sheba a distant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when she came;
She cry'd with a pleasing surprize;
When first she before him appear'd,
"How much what I see with my eyes,
"Surpasses the rumour I heard."

2 When once to Jerusalem come,
The treasure and train she had brought;
The wealth she possessed at home,
No longer had place in her thought;
His house, his attendants, his throne,
All struck her with wonder and awe;
The glory of Solomon shone
In every object she saw.

3 But Solomon most she admir'd,
Whose spirit conducted the whole;

His wisdom, which God had inspir'd,
His bounty and greatness of soul;
Of all the hard questions she put,
A ready solution he shew'd;
Exceeded her wish and her suit,
And more than she ask'd him, bestow'd.

4 Thus I when the gospel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which he is fam'd,
The love which to sinners he bears;
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his presence might bow;
I saw, and transported I cry'd,
"A greater than Solomon thou!"

5 My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard questions oppos'd;
But he restor'd peace to my mind,
And answer'd each doubt I propos'd!
Beholding me poor and distress'd,
His bounty supply'd all my wants;
My pray'r could have never express'd
So much as this Solomon grants.

6 I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold,
Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy thy servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

HYMN LXXXII.

1 GETHSEMANE, thou dolesome place,
Near Kedron's brook, to which the lamb,

Who lov'd to be in loneliness,
With his disciples often came,
Where out of boundless love to me,
He wrestled in an agony.

2 There, quite o'erwhelm'd with grief, he said;
"My soul is sorrowful to death,"
And suff'ring freely in my stead,
He drank the bitter cup of wrath;
Now on his knees, then on his face,
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds and prays.

3 So lov'd me the eternal God,
That he became the Son of man,
And took my sins, prodigious load;
My soul admire his gracious plan!
Thy stripes, thy guilt and curse he bore;
Believe and thankfully adore.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 GLORY, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises round the sky.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God most kind;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Heav'n and earth, and sky be join'd.

3 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the Lord of Hosts;
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God,
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Evening.

1 GLORY, to thee my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
Nor pow'rs of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LXXXV.

Sick-bed devotion; or, *pleading without repining.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;

But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command:
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

[5 This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my father's were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd a while
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,

But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners. spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh :
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art and will for ever be :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace :
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace :
Coming, as at first I came,
To take and not bestow on thee :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour from thy wounded side
I never will depart,
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart,
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb.
Thy blood was shed for me.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Light shining out of Darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill ;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will

3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness of rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

[4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

HYMN LXXXIX.

The Apostle's Commission.

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
"He shall be sav'd that trusts my word:
"He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2 "I'll make your great commission known,
"And you shall prove my gospel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
"Go cast out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
[pheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
"All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
"I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN XC.

Character of Christ.

1 GO worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

[3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[4 Is he a tree! the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That right'ous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

[5 Is he a rose? not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lilly he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

[6 Is he a vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!]

[7 Is he a head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.]

[8 Is he a fountain? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

[9 Is he a fire? he'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

[10 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desart through.]

[11 Is he a way? he leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

[12 Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[13. Is he design'd the corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[14. Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r?
And still to his most holy place,
When e'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

[15. Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light?
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

[16 Is he a sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and right'ousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

[17. O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN XCI.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps, that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet;
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days,
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone;
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN XCII.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My complaint vouchsafe to hear;
Sore distrest with guilt am I,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts all are vain;
They can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt,
Mourning at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am sinful, vile and mean;
But to thee for mercy fly,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust;
Unto thee I lift my cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 O my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away!
Jesu's blood to me apply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

HYMN XCIII.

Triumph over death.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just;
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the graves,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN XCIV.

GREATEST High-Priest, Saviour Christ,
Who for me wast sacrific'd;
Make my heart through thy blest passion,
To thyself a pure oblation.

Thy pure love accepts of nought,
But what by thy love is wrought;
What's not of thy own formation,
Ne'er attaineth to salvation.

3 Kill in me what is unclean,
Kill in me the root of sin;
Snatch my heart from its pollution,
And th' old man's entire confusion.

4 On the altar lay the wood,
And consume old Adam's brood:
Source of all celestial graces,
I would die in thine embraces.

5 Lo, at length it shall appear,
That the Lord has heard my pray'r;
Lo, e'en in my present station,
He'll be pleas'd with my oblation.

HYMN XCV.

The effusion of the Spirit; or, the success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champion forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause:
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great king of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN XCVI.

Christ a sure Guide.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fi'ry cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee

HYMN XCVII.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;

" Ye living men, come view the ground
" Where you must shortly lye.

2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
" In spite of all your tow'rs!
" The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
" Must lye as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN XCVIII.

Ascension.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
CHRIST a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n;
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene!
Take the King of glory in!

2 Him, though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to the throne,
Still he calls mankind his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upwards let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy glorious reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'n's in thee.

HYMN XCIX.

The Nativity.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes;
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'ns eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN C.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Rev.xiv.13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
From all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this World of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN CI.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Saviour dear,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His light'nings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound!
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!

Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever and for ever reigns.

5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome the great Three in One!

HYMN CII.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Come, sinners, view your Saviour dead;
And weep around his lonely tomb!
Your hope, your joy your all is fled,
For ah! your Champion's overcome!

A conflict with the pow'rs of hell
Your Saviour did for you sustain ;
He nobly fought, but ah ! he fell !
Break, hearts of flint ! the Lamb is slain !

3 Here's love, and grief, beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb :
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death, in chains,
Say "live for ever, wond'rous king !
"Born to redeem, and strong to save !
Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting ?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

HYMN CIII.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art ; so let us be !

2 Jesus see my panting breast :
See I pant in thee to rest !
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

3 Fix, oh ! fix my wav'ring mind ;
To thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove :
Swallow up our souls in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumph in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See ye sinners, see the flame
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day!

7 Jesu, when this light we see,
All our souls athirst for thee:
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our hearts dissolve in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine!
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

HYMN CIV.

Hosanna to Christ. Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line,
His nature's two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emmanuel's name.

5 Blest he that comes to wretched man
With peaceful news from heav'n:
Hosanna's of the highest strain
To Christ, the Lord, be giv'n.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN CV.

The blessedness of Gospel times.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see his heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:

Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN CVI.

Christ's dying love; or, *our pardon bought at a dear price.*

1 HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[2 When justice. by our sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath his heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

[6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]

[7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN CVII.

The safety and protection of the Church. Is. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1 HOW honourable is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells;
Eternal as his years.

6 What though the rebels dwell on high;
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave,
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN CVIII.

True happiness.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away;
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

HYMN CIX.

A prospect of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar descry,
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

5 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around!
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

6 I hear the voice! "Ye dead arise;"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

7 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

8 O may my humble spirit stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

9 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing.

HYMN CX.

Happy frailty.

1 HOW meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!

Why was a clod of earth design'd
T' enclose a heav'nly star?

2 Weak cottage where our souls reside,
This flesh a tott'ring wall:
The frightful breaches gaping wide,
The buildings bend to fall.

3 All round it storms of sorrow blow,
And waves of trouble roll;
Cold waves, and winter storms, beat through,
And pain the tenant soul.

4 "Alas, how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

5 My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
And she a pris'ner here.

6 Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her chains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

7 "How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
"This flesh a tott'ring wall!
"The breaches cheerfully foretel,
"The house must shortly fall.

8 "No more my friends, shall I complain,
"Though all my heart-strings ake,
"Welcome disease, and ev'ry pain,
"That makes the cottage shake.

9 "I have a mansion built above,
"By the eternal hand.

" And should the earth's old basis move,
" My heav'nly house must stand.
" Yes; for 'tis there my Saviour reigns;
" (I long to see my God)
" And his immortal strength sustains
" The purchase of his blood.
" Hark, from on high my Saviour calls,
" I come, my Lord, my love;
" Devotion breaks the prison walls,
" And speeds my last remove."

HYMN CXI.

Instruction from Scripture, Ps. cxix.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And these thy servants night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160. 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

HYMN CXII.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of Sov'reign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O! help mine unbelief.

[4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and right'ousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN CXIII.

God holy, just, and sovereign.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in right'ousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth, from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:

His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind:
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN CXIV.

The works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name!
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red-sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desart Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN CXV.

The name of Jesus.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear?
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul;
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought!

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN CXVI.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN CXVII.

The wonders of redeeming love.

1 HOW wond'rous are the works of God,
Display'd through all the world abroad!
Immensely great! immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

2 He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night;
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun;
Are little works compar'd with one.

3 He roll'd the seas and spread the skies;
Made vallies sink and mountains rise;
The meadows cloth'd with native green;
And bade the rivers glide between.

4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills;
To wonders man was born to prove
The wonders of redeeming love!

5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess;
Angels, that hymn the great I Am,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.

6 The highest heav'ns are short of this,
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss,
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

7 Almighty God sigh'd human breath,
The Lord of life experienc'd death;
How it was done we can't discuss;
But this we know, 'twas done for us.

8 Blest with this faith then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise,
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood.

9 Trials may press of ev'ry sort;
They may be sore; they must be short:
We now believe, but soon shall view,
The greatest glories God can shew.

HYMN CXVIII.

1 I AM, saith Christ, the way.
Now if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth.
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life.
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply;
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd nor die.

HYMN CXIX.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd grant me my request;

And, by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the Lord reply'd,
I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free;
To break thy schemes of worldly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

HYMN CXX.

Paul's Voyage.

1 IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea;
Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand,
By the divine decree.

2 Although the ship wherein he sail'd,
By dreadful storms was toss'd;
The promise over all prevail'd,
And not a life was lost.

3 Jesus! the God whom Paul ador'd,
Who saves in time of need;
Was then confess'd by all on board,
A present help indeed!

4 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
Paul knew the Lord was near;
And faith preserv'd his soul serene,
When others shook with fear.

5 Believers thus are toss'd about
On life's tempestuous main;
But grace assures beyond a doubt
They shall their port attain.

6 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Saviour's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.

7 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

8 Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

HYMN CXXI.

Before Baptism.

1 IF glorious angels do rejoice
When sinners turn to God,
Let us unite with cheerful voice
To spread his praise abroad.

2 When Jesus unto Jordan came,
And was baptiz'd of John,
A voice from heaven did proclaim
'Tis my beloved Son.

3 His ministers he sent about
To preach the word of grace.

And to baptize the world throughout,
Who should his truth embrace.

4 Lord we have here before your eyes,
Some that have set their hands
To serve thee, and to be baptiz'd
As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God who reigns above,
For his abounding grace,
In this the token of his love
To us a guilty race.

6 Let us employ our tongues to sing
The praises of the Lord,
For calling sinners home to him
By his all-pow'rful word.

HYMN CXXII.

The ruin of Antichrist. Is. lxiii. 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 "I LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where antichrist has stood;
"The city of my gospel-foes
"Shall be a field of blood.

2 "My heart has studied just revenge,
"And now the day appears,
"The day of my redeem'd is come
"To wipe away their tears.

3 "Quite weary is my patience grown,
"And bids my fury go;
"Swift as the lightning it shall move,
"And be as fatal too.

4 "I call for helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my gospel none?

" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To crush my foes alone.
5 " Slaughter and my devouring sword
" Shall walk the streets around;
" Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
" And stagger to the ground."
6 Thy honour, O victorious King!
Thine own right-hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our deliv'rer praise.

HYMN CXXIII.

Sight through a glass, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.
2 O that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.
3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

HYMN CXXIV.

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CXXV.

God is every where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try.
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still.
And like a bulwark prove,

To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

HYMN CXXVI.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Is. xxvi. 8—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee;
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;

My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

HYMN CXXVII.

At a marriage solemnity.

1 IT is not good, Jehovah said,
For men new form'd to be alone;
Then of his rib an help-mate made,
And man and wife pronounc'd but one.

2 From near his heart this rib he took,
To shew the favour should be priz'd:
Not from his head to overlook;
Nor from his foot to be despis'd.

3 Beneath his arm to signify
Wives should authority disclaim,
And that protection and supply
Are from the husbands due to them.

4 Bless, Lord, this newly-married pair,
And make the match a blessing prove;
Their int'rest one, their joys, their care,
Made happy in each other's love.

5 May each to each an help-mate be,
And bend their necks to Jesu's yoke:
Banded to seek felicity
With Christ's despised little flock.

6 Should olive plants, around their board,
To them the gift of heaven be,
Help them to give them back, dear Lord;
Help them to bring them up for thee.

7 Jesus we ask thy presence here;
O may thy face upon us shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can chear
Than costliest food or richest wine.

HYMN CXXVIII.

1 I THAT am drawn out of the depth,
Will sing upon the shore:
I that in hell's dark suburbs lay,
Pure mercy will adore.

2 The terrors of the living God
My soul did so affright;
I fear'd lest I should be condemn'd
To an eternal night.

3 Kind was the pity of my friends,
But could not ease my smart;
Their words indeed did reach my case,
But could not reach my heart.

4 Ah, what was then this world to me,
To whom God's word was dark?
Who in my dungeon could not see
One beam or shining spark.

5 What then were all the creatures smiles,
When the Creator frown'd?
My days were nights, my life was death,
My being was my wound.

6 Tortur'd and rack'd, with hellish fears,
Lest God the blow should give;
Mine eyes did fail, my heart did sink,
Then mercy bid me live.

HYMN CXXIX.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy:
And sing I must, a Christ I have:
O what a Christ have I?

2 Christ is the way, the truth, the life,
The way to God on high,
Life to the dead, the truth of types,
The truth of prophesy.

3 Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King:
A Prophet full of light,
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man,
A King that rules with might.

4 Christ's manhood is a temple, where
The altar God doth rest;
My Christ, he is the sacrifice,
My Christ he is the Priest.

5 My Christ he is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of right'ousness,
With healing in his wings.

6 My Christ, he is the tree of life,
Which in God's garden grows;

Whose fruit does feed, whose leaves do heal;
My Christ is Sharon's rose.

7 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My physic and my health,
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.

8 Christ is my father, and my friend,
My brother and my love;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.

9 My Christ, he is the heav'n of heav'ns,
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

HYMN CXXX.

1 I WANT an heart to pray;
To pray and never cease:
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want:
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmov'd by threatning or reward—)
To thee, and thy great name.

4 A jealous just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire, that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

6 I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see:
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

HYMN CXXXI.

The good that I would I do not.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
Guilt has untun'd my voice;
The serpent sin's envenom'd sting
Has poison'd all my joys.

2 I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot pray:
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

3 I would, but can't repent
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
'Till Jesus makes it soft.

4 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

5 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

6 Oh could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;

I would, but cannot; Lord relieve,
My help must come from thee!

7 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.

9 Wilt thou not crown, at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run.

HYMN CXXXII.

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His Sov'reign honours and his names:

2 "I am the last, and I the first,
"The Saviour God, and God the just:
"There's none besides pretends to shew
"Such justice and Salvation too.

[3 "Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands,
"Light, life and heav'n, are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return,
"To me shall all things bend the knee,
"And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]

5 "In me alone shall men confess
"Lies all their strength and right'ousness;
"But such as dare despise my name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 "In me the Lord, shall all the seed
"Of Isr'el from their sins be freed,
"And by their shining graces prove
"Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN CXXXIII.

On one stone shall be seven eyes.

1 JESUS Christ, the Lord's anointed,
Who his blood for sinners spilt;
Is the stone by God appointed,
And the church is on him built;
He delivers
All who trust him from their guilt.

2 Many eyes at once are fixed
On a person so divine;
Love, with awful justice mixed,
In his great redemption shine:
Mighty Jesus!
Give me leave to call thee mine.

3 By the Father's eye approved,
Lo, a voice is heard from heav'n,
"Sinners, this is my beloved,
"For your ransom freely giv'n:
"All offences,
For his sake shall be forgiv'n."

4 Angels with their eyes pursu'd him
When he left his glorious throne;
With astonishment they view'd him,
Put the form of servant on;

Angels worshipp'd
Him who was on earth unknown.

5 Satan and his host amazed,
Saw this stone in Zion laid;
Jesus, though to death abased,
Bruis'd the subtil serpent's head:
When to save us,
On the cross his blood he shed.

6 When a guilty sinner sees him,
While he looks his soul is heal'd;
Soon this sight from anguish frees him,
And imparts a pardon seal'd:
May this Saviour
Be to all our hearts reveal'd!

7 With desire and admiration,
All his blood-bought flock behold,
Him who wrought out their salvation,
And inclos'd them in his fold:
Yet their warmest
Love and praises are too cold.

8 By the eye of carnal reason
Many view him with disdain;
How will they abide the season
When he'll come with all his train;
To escape him
Then they'll wish, but wish in vain.

9 How their hearts will melt and tremble
When they hear his awful voice!
But his saints he'll then assemble,
As his portion, and his choice:
And receive them
To his everlasting joys.

HYMN CXXXIV.

1 JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone!
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan:
Lo the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes;
The great Redeemer dies.

2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan;
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man.
Well may sol withdraw his light,
With the suff'rer sympathize;
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

3 O my God, he dies for me;
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on a tree!
A sight that breaks my heart!
Oh that all to thee might turn!
Sinners ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For him who bled for you!

4 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above.
Lives our head, to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n;
Worshipp'd as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heav'n.

HYMN CXXXV.

Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

[3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

[4 Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race:
Thy never changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]

[5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ by his own pow'rful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of glory reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

3 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN CXXXVI.

Christ the believer's refuge and portion.

1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, oh, my Sav'our hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, oh Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unright'ousness!
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,

Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1 JESUS, my all to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of this world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.

4 No; nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling souls, may I be one:
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in this way be found.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

6 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Until I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

7 Lo, glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love would I receive.

8 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood
And say, "behold the way to God!"

HYMN CXXXVIII.

1 JESUS, the only thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on thy beauty feast.

2 No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art of music frame;
No thoughts can reach, no words can say
The sweets of thy blest name.

3 Jesus our hope, when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace;
Sole comfort in our banishment,
O! what, when face to face!

4 Jesus! that name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light;
More than I ask in thee I find,
And lavish in delight.

5 No art, or eloquence of man,
Can tell the joys of love;
Only the saints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.

6 Thee then I'll seek retir'd apart,
From world and business free;
When these shall knock I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for thee.

7 Before the morning light I'll come,
With Magdalene to find
In sighs and tears, my Jesu's tomb,
And there refresh my mind.

8 My tears upon his grave shall flow,
My sighs the garden fill;

Then at his feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek his will.

9 Jesus, in thy bless'd steps I'll tread,
And walk in all thy ways:
I'll never cease to weep and plead,
Till I'm restor'd to grace.

10 O King of love, thy blessed fire
Does such sweet flames excite;
That first it raises our desire,
Then fills us with delight.

11 Thy lovely presence shines so clear
Through ev'ry sense and way,
That souls which once have seen thee near,
See all things else decay.

12 Come then dear Lord, possess my heart,
Chase thence the shades of night;
Come pierce it with thy flaming dart,
And ever-shining light.

13 Then I'll for ever Jesus sing,
And with the saints rejoice;
And both my heart and tongue shall bring
Their tribute to my dearest King,
In never-ending joys. Amen.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Free grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,
That hath reveal'd thy Son,

To men unlearned ; and to babes
Has made thy gospel known.

3 The myst'ries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise ;
While pride and carnal reas'nings join
To swell and blind their eyes.

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.

HYMN CXL.

1 JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend :
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
Bid my corruptions end.

2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou canst victorious prove ;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

3 Thy pow'rful spirit can subdue
Unconquerable sin ;
Cleanse my foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call !
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

5 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
The blind his sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.

6 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel thy pow'r;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin abhor.

HYMN CXLI.

Christ our righteousness.

1 JESU, thy blood and right'ousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.

6 O Jesu, Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou a man vouchsaf'd to be;
And for each soul, which thou hast made,
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

7 I do believe if sinners' race
Ten thousand times more num'rous was

Yet, still the devil had his full,
'Tis without right he keeps one soul.

8 Ah, give to all thy servants, Lord,
With pow'r to speak thy quick'ning word,
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

9 Thou God of might, thou God of love,
Let all the world thy mercy prove;
Now let thy word o'er all prevail,
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

10 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our right'ousness.

HYMN CXLII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

[3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

[4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.]

[5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide;
And through this desart land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray;
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way!

[6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs]

[7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills,
His Father's broken laws.

Behold my soul
At freedom set;
My surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

[8 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

[9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

[10 My dear almighty Lord:
My conqu'ror and my king,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

[11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown,
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

12 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

HYMN CXLIII.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, 'till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
Their fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable divine.

5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind:
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,

5 One sacred way is left you still,
To do them good against their will:
Here they can no obstruction give;
You may do this without their leave.

6 Fly to the throne of grace by pray'r,
And pour out all your wishes there:
Effectual fervent pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other method fails.

HYMN CXLVII.

On Mortality.

1 KIND souls reflect a while with me,
Upon our wretched state,
How frail our life, how short our time,
Our miseries, how great.

2 How short the pleasures earth affords,
How transient, and how few,
Compar'd with heav'ns eternal joys,
And pleasures ever new.

3 Come let us leave the things of earth,
(Whose pleasures poisons are,)
And haste away to Canaan's land,
And try our int'rest there.

4 Make the extended skies your tomb,
Let heav'n record your worth.
For know: vain mortals all must die,
As nature's sickliest birth.

5 Would bounteous heav'n indulge my pray'r,
A nobler choice I frame,
Than here to be esteemed great,
Or gain an earthly name.

6 But in thy book of life divine,
My God! inscribe my name:
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.

7 My God! this witness let me have,
Till I resign my breath,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
"Till it is freed from death."

HYMN CXLVIII.

1 KNOW, ye that are of Adam's race,
That God hath call'd you by his grace;
And has proclaim'd his gospel loud,
For to give warning to the proud.

2 Ye youthful virgins stop, and pause,
And think upon your Sav'our's laws;
Let not your life which God has lent,
Alone in vanity be spent.

3 Awake to thought! ye tender souls,
And think, alas! we are but fools
To spend our time, which ends in strife,
And lose this glorious scene of life.

4 Your life to God must be resign'd;
Your mind in Jesus be confin'd;
For word and action must agree,
If Jesus Christ shall set you free.

5 That servant form you must put on,
And think that Christ's before me gone,
He is the way, the truth and life,
Therefore forsake this world of strife.

HYMN CXLIX.

A welcome to Christian friends.

1 KINDRED in Christ; for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;

May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd and dy'd and rose for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder and adore;
Lord, hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more!

HYMN CL.

Blessings of the gospel.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Come all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN CLI.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.
2 Cor. xii. 7. 8, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to the day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then I am strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;

Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone;
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprize,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN CLII.

Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

[5 He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions rose,
Let blood, said he, flow round the veins,
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN CLIII.

Christian Love.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CLIV.

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2. 7—12.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,

She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.

[3 Malice and rage those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue ;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong]

[4 She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r,
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN CLV.

Striving to praise Christ.

1 LET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd
Our shepherd's mercy bless ;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n ;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing ;
To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

HYMN CLVI.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t'exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "that praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

HYMN CLVII.

Judgment.

1 LO! he cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the crucified shine
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds;
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, ashamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment, come to judgment, come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man.

4 Saints who love him, view his glory
Shining in his bruised face,
His dear person on the rainbow;
Now his people's head shall raise:
Happy mourners, happy mourners, happy mourners,
Lo! in clouds he comes, he comes!

5 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;

All his people once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

6 View him smiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to destroy;
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy:
O come quickly, O come quickly,
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come! Lord come.

HYMN CLVIII.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN CLIX.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul;
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distill.

HYMN CLX.

1 LORD Christ reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2 Lord lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise;
Increase our faith, and raise the same
To taste the sweetness of thy name.

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King;

Till we behold thy face most bright
In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

HYMN CLXI.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, &c.
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful, &c.
To the truth may we be found!

3 So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Christ in endless day!

HYMN CLXII.

Original and actual sin confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my Spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest nor ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

HYMN CLXIII.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love,
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in right'ousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show :
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN CLXIV.

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise !
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?
'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

2 Thy deep decrees from creature sight,
Are hid in shades of awful night ;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God, I would not ask to see,
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Is darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
"That Christ is mine!"—this great request
Grant, bounteous God—and I am blest.

HYMN CLXV.

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hope of heav'n were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

[3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the pow'r of sin;

I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN CLXVI.

1 LORD; I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 A rest where all our souls desire
Is fixt on things above;
Where fear and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine; thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, oh! my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n:
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.

7 Come, oh my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

HYMN CLXVII.

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of right'ousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

HYMN CLXVIII.

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirits faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

HYMN CLXIX.

1 LORD, thou hast planted me a vine
In fertile soil and air:
Now tend and water me as thine,
And make me still thy care.

2 My Christ I'm wholly thine, direct
My goings, for I'm dark;
O may my constant aims be right!
Thine honour be my mark!

3 Shall Simon bear thy cross alone,
And other saints be free?
Each saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me.

4 Whene'er it falls unto my lot,
Let it not frighten me;
Nor drive me from my gracious God,
But bring me home to thee.

5 O happy Christians, be not loth
To have a coarser fare;
Saints that have had no table-cloth
Had Christ at dinner there.

6 To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Christ stands by;
Support me with thy constant aid,
Lest all thy graces die.

7 Thy way is to the upright strength;
Lord, make it so to me,
That never tiring with the length,
My soul may reach to thee.

HYMN CLXX.

An Evening psalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN CLXXI.

The presence of God worth dying for.

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With raptures on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To see a smiling God.

5 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

6 Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wond'rous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount (says God) and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

7 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

8 In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

HYMN CLXXII.

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay:

Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

HYMN CLXXIII.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and robes of honour shine!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when men awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony,
And but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

HYMN CLXXIV.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope!

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN CLXXV.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3—7.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,

Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

[3 'Tis not by works of right'ousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace;
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Blessed be ye poor. Luke vi. 20.

1 LORD, when I hear thy children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with delight thy ways they walk,
And gladly thy commandments do.

2 In my own breast I look, and read
Accounts so very diff'rent there,
That had I not thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.

3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of good, and full of ill,
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the pow'r to act or will.

4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
My wretched leanness I deplore,
'Till gladden'd with a gleam of hope
From this, "the Lord has bless'd the poor."

5 Then while I make my secret moan,
Upwards I cast my eyes and see,
Though I have nothing of my own,
My treasure is immense in thee.

6 Still may I keep thy love in view,
Lean there, nor envy those that run:
Still trust to—not what I can do,
But what thyself hast for me done.

7 My treasure is thy precious blood;
Fix there my heart: and for the rest,
Under thy forming hands, my God,
Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.

HYMN CLXXVII.

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending;
Once for guilty sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Alleluiah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;

All who hate him must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

HYMN CLXXVIII.

Mercy comes to the miserable.

1 MERCY is welcome news indeed,
To those that guilty stand:
Wretches that feel what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the poor;

None but the wounded patient knows
That comfort of his cure.

3 We all have sinn'd against our God ;
Exception none can boast :
But he that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.

4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep ;
For who the sums can know ?
Some souls are fifty pieces deep ;
And some five hundred owe.

5 But let our debts be what they may,
However great or small ;
As soon as we have nought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
That sets the soul at large ;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

HYMN CLXXIX.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace
Redeem'd by thee we plead
The promise made to Abra'm's race
To souls for ages dead.

2 Their bones are quite dry'd up
Throughout the vale appear ;
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth to own
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true anointed one.

4 To save the race forlorn
Thy glorious arm display:
And shew the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

HYMN CLXXX.

A ing and a dead faith, collected from several Scriptures.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

[5 Faith must obey her Father's will
As well as trust his grace,
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;

Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN CLXXXI.

1 MOURNING, and drooping, here I lie
Upon this earthly clod,
While heav'nly things invite my eye,
And bring me to my God.

2 Transported with a glorious view
Of God's eternal love,
Unto this world I bid adieu,
And long to be above.

3 There all the saints in harmony
Do stand for evermore,
And to a vast eternity,
Their glorious Lord adore.

4 Hark! hark! methinks I hear the sound;
Methinks the angels sing;
The glorious melody goes round,
Which makes the heav'ns to ring.

5 The saints above do sing a song
(In a melodious strain)
Which doth to God alone belong,
And to the Lamb once slain.

6 Wonder and love, and joy, and praise,
Fill all their happy souls,
While the vast flood of sov'reign grace
Through all the region rolls.

7 The saints all cloth'd in white array,
Their Saviour's praise declare;
Through the bright realms of endless day,
There's not one mourner there.

8 But oh, the glory of the place,
No mortal tongue can tell!

Where they behold their Saviour's face,
And in his presence dwell.

9 Oh, how they each perform their parts,
Through all the happy train!
This glorious song inspires their hearts,
Worthy the Lamb, once slain!

10 Amen, they cry, amen, amen.
Thy ways oh God are true;
Blessing, and glory, wisdom, and
Thanksgiving is thy due.

11 Honour and pow'r, and endless might,
Be giv'n to thee, oh Lord!
In this sweet song they all unite,
And sing with one accord.

12 Oh, how the bending seraphs join
To praise the God above!
While all the saints, in notes divine,
Do sing redeeming love.

13 Worthy, oh Lord, worthy art thou
To wear the glorious crown;
So all the saints in glory bow,
And cast their di'dems down.

14 The song eternally goes round,
To him that made the sky,
I'm lost, I'm lost, to view the bound
Of vast eternity.

15 When there have past more million years
Than sands upon the shore;
The saints above will have no fears
That the blest space is o'er.

16 If all the drops in oceans wide
Were to be number'd o'er,

And then by millions multiply'd,
And twice as many more.

17 And then as many years should pass
As water drops in all;
Or grains of sand, or spires of grass,
Upon this earthly ball.

18 Then adds as many millions more
As stars that fill the sky;
Then all that number doubled o'er
Can't meet eternity.

19 Eternity will still remain;
'Twill be eternity;
The song of God the Three in One
Will last eternally.

20 Who can describe the blessedness
Of pleasure ever new?
I long the glory to possess,
And bid all sin adieu.

21 Farewell my friends, I long to go:
Adieu death, sorrow, pain,
Adieu to fears, adieu to woe;
And welcome endless gain.

22 Oh, how my soul doth long to quit
This earth, and soar away!
Oh Jesus, if it is most fit,
Let not thy chariot stay.

23 Come take my longing spirit up,
To dwell with thee above;
I long with thee, my Lord, to sup
On everlasting love.

24 The time seems long till thou dost bring
My soul unto that place,
Where I thy praise shall ever sing,
And rest in thine embrace.

HYMN CLXXXII.

Complaining of Spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so,
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live?

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;

And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the right'ous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

1 MY God I am thine;
'Tis comfort divine,
To know that the Sav'our of sinners is mine.

2 In the heav'nly Lamb
Thrice happy I am;
My heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapt'rous sound;
Whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.

4 My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heav'nly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste.

6 And this I shall prove,
'Till glad I remove
To the Heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

HYMN CLXXXV.

Human weakness owned.

1 MY Lord, how great's the favour!
That I a sinner poor,
Can through thy blood's sweet savour
Approach thy mercy's door:
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome message,
That bids me go in peace.

2 Lord, I'm an helpless creature,
Full of the deepest need;
Throughout defil'd by nature
Stupid, and inly dead:
My strength is perfect weakness,
And all I have is sin;
My heart is all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford me aid?
Where shall I find compassion
But in the church's head?
Jesus thou art all pity,
O take me to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save me from all harms.

4 I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of saints,

'Till I attain the image
Of him I inly love;
And pay my grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5 Then I, with all in glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleasing story
Of Jesu's love so great;
In this blest contemplation
I ever shall be well;
And prove such consolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY soul come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[2 And you mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would your spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;

And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

A song of praise for the Holy Ghost.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from above the blessed dove,
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 This makes me Abba, Father! cry,
With confidence of soul;
This makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.

5 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

6 The stream doth water paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye has not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd
What thou Lord hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love:
My soul doth leap, but oh, for wings:
The wings of Noah's dove.

10 Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then would my soul with angels feast,
On joys which always last;
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN CLXXXVIII

Submission to afflictive providences.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives, (and blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then!
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his Sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CXC.

The misery of being without God in this world; or, Vain prosperity.

1 NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes; you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN CXCI.

Charity and uncharitableness.

1 NOT diff'rent food nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord:
But peace and joy and right'ousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise
We do the gospel mighty wrong:
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN CXCII.

The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist: or, *Light and salvation of Jesus Christ.* Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Isra'l bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

[3 John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;

" I saw the Spirit o'er his head
" On his baptizing day.]

6 " Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
" Sink ev'ry mountain low;
" The proud must stoop, and humble souls
" Shall his salvation know.

7 " The heathen realms with Israel's land
" Shall join in sweet accord;
" And all that's born of man shall see
" The glory of the Lord.

8 " Behold the morning-star arise,
" Ye that in darkness sit;
" He marks the path that leads to peace,
" And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN CXCIII.

Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN CXCIV.

Love and Hatred.

1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN CXCV.

New year's day.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home;
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HYMN CXCVI.

An evening song.

1 NOW from the altar of my heart,
Let incense flames arise,
Assist me Lord to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

2 Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
Awake, my heart and tongue;

Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

3 Man's life's a book of history,
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely join'd,
The title is thy praise.

4 This day was God my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His tender care o'er me was shown,
His mercies multiply'd.

5 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick; but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

6 New time, new favour and new joys,
New songs of praise require:
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

7 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN CXCVII.

1 NOW from the garden to the cross,
Let us attend the Lamb of God;
Be all things else accounted dross,
Compar'd with sin-atoning blood.

2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case;
Sinners have bound th' almighty's hands;
And spit in their Creator's face.

3 With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd,
Send streams of blood from ev'ry part:

His back's with knotted scourges lash'd;
But sharper scourges tear his heart.

4 Nail'd naked to th' accursed wood;
Expos'd to earth, and heav'n above,
A spectacle of wounds and blood;
A prodigy of injur'd love!

5 Hark how his doleful cries affright
Affected angels, while they view;
His friends forsook him in the night;
And now his God forsakes him too.

6 Oh what a field of battle's here!
Vengeance and love their pow'rs oppose:
Never was such a mighty pair;
Never were too such desp'rate foes.

7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes!
Behold, in sorrow and disgrace,
Our conqu'ring heroe hangs and dies!

8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb!
What was it pierc'd his soul, but sin?

9 Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound,
If sin affects thee not with woe,
Whatever spirit's in thee found,
Christ's Spirit thou didst never know.

HYMN CXCVIII.

Love on a cross, and a throne.

1 NOW let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd ;
See where he sits to plead my cause,
By his Almighty Father's side.

3 If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

4 Or if I climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my Saviour God ?
Lord here I banish ev'ry foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart ;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a seal upon my heart.

HYMN CXCIX.

The agonies of Christ.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love ;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

[3 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

3 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day!
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN CC.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himself to save."

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his right'ousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

HYMN CCI.

Parting with friends.

1 NOW Lord, though we must part awhile,
Upon the heav'nly road;
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us near our God.

2 And if on earth again we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee;
And let thy gracious presence sweet
From bondage set us free.

3 This, only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode,
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road.

4 For since our fellowship below,
Affords such joy and love,

We long its full extent to know,
When we shall meet above.

5 Let this, O Lord excite us on,
To keep the narrow way,
Till we shall meet around thy throne,
With all the heirs of day.

6 Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire!
Maintain this flame of love,
Till we shall join that glorious choir
Of worshippers above.

HYMN CCII.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee we the Comforter confess;
Unless thou'rt present here;
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless pray'r.

3 Wake heav'nly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4 Touch, with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

5 Hasten the restitution day,
Which now corruption shrouds;
New heavens, and new earth display,
With Jesus in the clouds.

HYMN CCIII.

A sight of heaven in sickness.

1 OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3 My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

4 Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

5 Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw:

6 But now the everlasting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here:

7 The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen
And native air she draws.

8 O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close!
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose!

9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

HYMN CCIV.

The stony heart.

1 OH, for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away:
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign;
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine;
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN CCV.

1 OH, that I had a bosom friend,
To tell my secrets to!
On whose advice I might depend,
In ev'ry thing I do.

2 How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me;
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery.

3 None lends an ear to my complaint,
Nor minds my cries and tears;
None comes to help me, though I faint,
Nor my vast burthen bears.

4 While others live in mirth and ease,
And feel no want nor woe;
Through this dark, howling wilderness,
I full of sorrow go.

5 Oh! faithless soul, to reason thus,
And murmur without end;
Did Christ expire upon the cross?
And is not he thy friend?

6 Why dost thou envy carnal men!
And think their state so blest?
How great salvation hast thou seen?
And Jesus is thy rest.

7 What can this lower world afford,
Compar'd with gospel grace,
Thy happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his face.

8 Can present griefs be counted great,
Compar'd with future woes?
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet,
Compar'd with endless joys?

9 How soon will God withdraw the scene,
And burn the world he made?
Then woe to carnal careless men:
My soul lift up thy head.

10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Constant, and true, and good:
He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee safe to God.

11 What then my soul hast thou to fear!
Or why should'st thou repine?
Look up, behold redemption's near;
Rejoice, for heav'n is thine.

12 Why O my soul, art thou so sad?
When will thy sighs be o'er?
Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,
Rejoice for evermore.

HYMN CCVI.

The two debtors.

1 ONCE a woman silent stood
While Jesus sat at meat;
From her eyes she pour'd a flood
To wash his sacred feet:
Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd her mind,
That she e'er so vile could prove,
Yet now forgiveness find.

2 "How came this vile woman here?
"Will Jesus notice such?
"Sure, if he a prophet were,
"He would disdain her touch?"
Simon thus, with scornful heart,
Slighted one whom Jesus lov'd;

But her Saviour took her part,
And thus his pride reprov'd:

3 "If two men in debt were bound,
"One less, the other more:
"Fifty, or five hundred pound,
"And both alike were poor;
"Should the lender both forgive,
"When he saw them both distress'd;
"Which of them would you believe
"Engag'd to love him best?

4 "Surely he who most did owe,"
The Pharisee reply'd;
Then our Lord, "by judging so,
"Thou dost for her decide:
"Simon, if like her you knew
"How much you forgiveness need;
"You like her had acted too,
"And welcom'd me indeed!

5 "When the load of sin is felt,
"And much forgiveness known;
"Then the heart of course will melt,
"Though hard before as stone;
"Blame not then her love and tears,
"Greatly she in debt has been;
"But I have remov'd her fears,
"And pardon'd all her sin."

6 When I read this woman's case,
Her love and humble zeal;
I confess, with shame of face,
My heart is made of steel;
Much has been forgiv'n to me,
Jesus paid my heavy score;
What a creature must I be,
That I can love no more!

HYMN CCVII.

1 ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name:
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow:
Go on, and seek to know the Lord;
And practise what you know.

HYMN CCVIII.

A morning song.

1 ONCE more my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide on the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays

4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy thy light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN CCIX.

New year's day.

1 ONCE more the constant sun, revolving round his sphere, [year;
His steady course has run, and brings another
He rises, sets, but goes not back;
Nor ever quits his destin'd track.

2 Hence let believers learn to keep a forward pace;
Be this our main concern, to finish well our race.
Backslidings shun, with patience press
Towards the Sun of right'ousness.

3 What now shall be our task? or rather what our pray'r?
What good things shall we ask, to prosper this new year?
With one accord our hearts we'll lift;
And ask our Lord some new year's gift.

4 No trifling gift or small should friends of Christ desire;
Rich Lord, bestow on all pure gold, well try'd by fire;
Faith that stands fast; when devils roar;
And love which lasts for evermore.

HYMN CCX.

Before preaching.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;

Oh, may not duty seem a load!
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n, in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear;
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

HYMN CCXI.

1 ON thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face:
In souls unholy, and unclean,
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
Appear before thy sight.

2 But as for me, with humble fear,
I will approach thy gate;

Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I trust in thine unbounded grace,
To all so freely giv'n;
And worship t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heav'n.

3 Lead me in all thy right'ous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide;
Point out the path before my face,
My God be thou my guide!
O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the shield
Of thine almighty love.

HYMN CCXII.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 [Then in the Lord let Isra'l trust,
Let Isra'l seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Isra'l shall be sav'd.]

HYMN CCXIII.

Adoring Jesus.

1 O COME let us join,
Together combine;
To praise our dear Sav'our, our Master divine.

2 Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

3 He worthy is bless'd,
By Spirits at rest;
Who once in this desert his Godhead confess'd.

4 The heav'nly spheres,
Who saw him in tears,
Yea, ev'ry strong angel his person reveres.

5 The prophets who told
His suff'rings of old,
Sing now sweet thanksgiving on psalt'ries of gold.

6 The fathers to whom
He shew'd he would come,
Now in his pavillion take up their long home.

7 The spirits of men,
Who for him were slain,
From Abel the right'ous, share now in his reign.

8 Th' apostles who stood,
Resisting to blood,
For Jesus's gospel, rejoice in their God.

9 The confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright mitres, and thankfully bow.

10 Oh church of the Lamb,
Here met do the same,
With saints, and with angels, bless Jesus's name.

11 My soul bear a part,
For ransom'd thou art,
By Jesu's blood shedding, his burial, and smart.

12 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory, and honour, let all say, Amen.

HYMN CCXIV.

1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God;
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood!
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
The pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be thou heav'nly King,
That thou should man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought;
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN CCXV.

1 O FOR an heart to love my God!
An heart from sin set free;
An heart that always feels the blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine:
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:

Send down thy grace, O blessed Lamb!
That I thy love may know.

6 Thy holy nature Lord! impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

HYMN CCXVI.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an over-coming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting besides;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN CCXVII.

1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms, of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!

2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,

And with delightful worship own
His smile their bless, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise:
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the ransom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme,
Awake our faith, our warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Adoring Christ.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise ye dumb
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN CCXIX.

Man frail, and God eternal.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men,"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN CCXX.

1 OH Jesu, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy word.

2 In Spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, salvation through blood.

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

6 The people who know
Their Sav'our below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

7 Their anguish and smart,
And sorrow depart,
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on their heart.

8 This blessing be mine,
Through favour divine;
But oh, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

9 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise;
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

HYMN CCXXI.

Agnus dei.

1 O LAMB of God our Saviour!
Kill'd on the tree of sorrow!
Thy suff'ring meek behaviour
Paid what thou didst not borrow.
Thy bearing our transgression
Secur'd us from damnation.
Have mercy upon us, O Jesu! O Jesu!

2 O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
Acknowledge thou us, O Jesu! O Jesu!

3 O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
O grant us thy peace, O Jesu! O Jesu!

HYMN CCXXII.

1 O LORD, thou know'st my soul's desires,
And thou canst give me perfect ease;
Thou art the God my heart admires,
There's nothing but thy love can please.

2 Give me, O Lord, the happiness
To sit and hear thy gracious voice;
Come, Saviour, come, my soul possess,
And make my mourning heart rejoice.

3 Lord, I would praise thy holy name,
Thou art my everlasting friend;
Thou hast not put my soul to shame:
Preserve me safe unto the end.

4 Thou art my strength, and my support,
My hope, my everlasting aid:
To thee I always would resort,
And trust in thee when I'm afraid.

5 Thy name affords my soul relief,
When I with sorrow am opprest;
When I am full of woe and grief,
Thy word doth give my spirit rest.

6 Teach me to do thy holy will,
Unite my heart to fear thy name;
O lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
Where stands the new Jerusalem.

7 Were not the Lord of hosts my strength,
I should have sunk in deep despair;
But now I trust I shall at length
Arrive at Canaan's harbour fair:

8 There shall I rest for evermore,
Fearless of storms, and raging seas,
And sit upon the heav'nly shore,
And dwell at everlasting ease.

HYMN CCXXIII.

1 O LORD! to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

2 Loathsome and foul, and self abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.

3 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

4 Silent (alas! thou know'st how long!)
My voice I cannot raise;
But oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

5 Lame at the pool I still am found,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as an hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within,
The love of God I cannot see,
Nor sinfulness of sin.

7 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

8 Long have I waited in the way,
For thee, the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

HYMN CCXXIV.

A sinner's prayer.

1 O MY Lord, what must I do?
Only thou the way canst shew;
Thou canst save me in this hour,
I have neither will nor pow'r
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the sinful heart;

Let it now on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodness waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear all idols from my heart;
Let thy pow'r on me be shewn,
Take away the heart of stone.

3 Jesu, mighty to renew,
Work in me, to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride,
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Bid corruptions, Lord, be still;
Now thy love Almighty shew,
Make e'en me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens and come down;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th'aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me;
Get thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be sav'd by grace.

HYMN CCXXV.

For the last day of the year.

1 O PRAISE the Lord of heav'n,
Whose mercy never fails;
Six troubles come, and also sev'n,
But still his grace prevails.

2 The year that's almost past
His goodness did proclaim ;
His love doth now and always last,
Give glory to his name.

3 How wond'rous are his ways
Which he to us makes known !
We join to sing our Maker's praise ;
And worship him alone.

4 When we the year begun
We rais'd our cheerful songs ;
And surely when its course is run
To God our praise belongs.

5 His mercies still are new,
Let us extol his love,
May we this blessed theme pursue
Till we shall meet above.

HYMN CCXXVI.

Breathing after happiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

2 O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip:
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Sin and sorrows laid before God.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain,
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 I'd say how flesh and sense rebel,
What inward foes combine,
With this vain world and pow'rs of hell,
To vex this heart of mine.

4 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.

4 My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Sav'our, and bless the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow;
What light, strength, and comfort, do after him go.

6 Lo, onward I move,
And but Christ above, [prove.
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will

7 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ within.

8 Perhaps for his name
(Poor dust as I am)
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

9 I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear breast
(As at the beginning) find pardon and rest.

10 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot say why.

11 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

12 Lo this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

13 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may share ; [dare
These blessings to seek them will none of yo

14 In bondage, oh why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh

HYMN CCXXIX.

Lamenting the loss of first love.

1 O THAT my soul were now as fair
As it hath sometimes been !
Devoid of that distracting care
Without, and fear within !

2 There was a time when I could tread
No circle but of love :
That joyous morning now is fled,
How heavily I move !

3 Unhappy soul, that thou should'st force,
Thy Saviour to depart,
When he was pleased with so coarse
A lodging in thy heart !

4 How sweetly I enjoy'd my God !
With how divine a frame !

I thought, on ev'ry plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's name.

5 I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
So sweetly we agreed,
And thou no stranger wast to me
Till I became a weed.

6 The tempter robb'd me, and I must
I fear be ever poor;
May this suffice, to roll in dust
Before thy temple door!

7 My dearest Lord, my heart flames not
With love that sacred fire;
But since my love has wore that blot
Repentance runs the high'r.

8 O might those days return again,
How welcome they should be!
Shall my petition be in vain,
Since grace is ever free?

9 Lord of my soul, return, return,
To chase away this night;
Let not thine anger ever burn;
God once was my delight.

HYMN CCXXX.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh:
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See! low before the throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

HYMN CCXXXI.

A lovely carriage.

1 O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart;
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their fame is prudence mixt with love;
Good works fulfil their day;

They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

6 Lord can these plants of virtue grow
In such a soul as mine!
Thy grace can form my nature so,
And make my heart like thine.

HYMN CCXXXII.

The pilgrimage of the saints, or, *earth and heaven*.

1 OH! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep that heav'nly road
And run at thy command.

[4 Our souls shall tread the desart through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

[5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

[6 Long nights and darkness dwells below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

[7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road,
Through dismal deeps and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

[9 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the fore-runner waits,
To welcome trav'lers home!]

10 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

Christ withdrawn.

1 O WHAT shall I do to retrieve
The love for a season bestow'd;

'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the presence of God:
With sorrow distracted and doubt,
With palpable horror opprest,
The City I wander about,
And seek my repose in his breast.

2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
If ye my beloved have seen,
And point to that heavenly fair,
Surpassing the children of men:
My lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I languish to love,
O where shall I find him again?

3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,
The end of my sorrow and woe;
My hope, and my heavenly prize,
My height of ambition below:
Once more if he shew me his face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in my closest embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

Submission under bereaving providences. Psalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blast's our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

8 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow,
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

HYMN CCXXXV.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

Esau.

1 POOR Esau repented too late,
That once he his birth-right despis'd;
And sold, for a morsel of meat,
What could not too highly be priz'd:
How great was his anguish when told
The blessing he sought to obtain,
Was gone with the birth-right he sold,
And none could recal it again!

2 He stands as a warning to all,
Wherever the gospel shall come;
O hasten and yield to the call,
While yet for repentance there's room!
Your season will quickly be past,
Then hear, and obey it to-day;
Lest when you seek mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.

3 What is it the world can propose?
A morsel of meat at the best!
For this are you willing to lose
A share in the joys of the blest?
Its pleasures will speedily end;
Its favours and praise are but breath:
And what can its profits befriend
Your soul in the moment of death?

4 If Jesus for these you despise,
And sin to the Saviour prefer,

In vain your entreaties and cries,
When summon'd to stand at his bar:
How will you his presence abide?
What anguish will torture your heart?
The saints all enthron'd by his side,
And you be compell'd to depart!

5 Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferr'd some poor trifle to thee;
How is it thou dost not deny
The blessing and birth-right to me?
No better than Esau I am,
Though pardon and heaven be mine;
To me belongs nothing but shame,
The praise and the glory be thine.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

God shining into the heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of Ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;

And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thes. v. 17.

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give,
Long as they live should Christians pray;
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites;
He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes;
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

4 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r?
My soul thou hast a friend on nigh;
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee, pray.

5 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray; if thou can'st, or can'st not, speak;
But pray with faith in Jesu's name.

6 Depend on him; thou can'st not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

1 PRECIOUS Bible, what a treasure
Does the word of God afford?
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food or med'cine, shield or sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I want no more.

2 Food to which the world a stranger,
Here, my hungry soul enjoys
Of excess, there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
Here is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation,
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the Scripture truths endure,
From his pow'r I am secure.

HYMN CCXL.

Gravity and decency.

1 REDEEMED ones the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be found of gay attire,
What children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest,
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN CCXLI.

Rejoice evermore.

1 REJOICE evermore
With angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r,
In Jesus's love;
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from grief,
Hast sav'd us from sin,

The pow'r of thy Spirit
Can set our hearts free:
And we shall inherit
All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace,
All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss
That never can cloy.
To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join
Where sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine
Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.

5 O may they at last
With sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste,
For which they were born!
Our Jesus receiving,
Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love.

HYMN CCXLII.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN CCXLIII.

Spiritual mindedness; or, inward religion. Jam. i. 29.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;

May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or ought the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

HYMN CCXLIV.

Mortality and hopes.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry;
" Must death for ever rage and reign?
" Or hast thou made mankind in vain?
3 " Where is thy promise to the just?
" Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honours of thy word:
Awake, our souls! and bless the Lord.

HYMN CCXLV.

The gospel.

1 REPENT, ye sons of men, repent;
Hear the good tidings God has sent,
Of sinners sav'd, and sins forgiv'n,
And beggars rais'd to reign in heav'n,
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars,
Rais'd to reign in heav'n.

2 God sent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curse,
He took our weakness; bore our load;
And dearly bought us with his blood,
Dearly, dearly, &c.

3 In guilts dark dungeon when we lay;
Mercy cry'd, " spare;" and justice, " slay;"
But Jesus answer'd, " set them free;
" And pardon them; and punish me,"
Pardon, pardon, &c.

4 Salvation is of God alone;
Life everlasting in his Son;
And he, that gave his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need,
Freely, freely, &c.

5 Believe the gospel, and rejoice,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
Who ransom'd all our souls from hell,
Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

HYMN CCXLVI.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly the riches, fly the cares;
While I that coast explore;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night,
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize!
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

HYMN CCXLVII.

1 RISE, Zion, shine, thy light is come,
The glorious day's begun,
These beams we see so bright that be,
Dart from the glorious Sun.

2 Of right'ousness, that rising is;
The day doth dawn apace;
The songs of praise we hear a days
Of Christ and his free grace,

3 Are tokens plain, the Lamb once slain
Is hast'ning to his throne;
The bride doth say, come, haste away,
My dear beloved one.

4 The saints rejoice, the turtle's voice
Is heard within our land:
The hundred forty four thousand
Shall soon with Jesus stand.

5 And they shall sing, to Christ their King,
Their songs in such a strain,
That learn can none but those alone
Who with the Lord shall reign.

6 Ye taught ones of the Lord, sing praise
To th' Lamb the throne upon;
'Tis only he taught you and me
To sing the Lamb's new song.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

Rock smitten; or, the rock of ages. Is. xxvi. 4.

1 ROCK of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN CCXLIX.

1 SALVATION, oh the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ear!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fear.

2 Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, [Lord
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! praise th

2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see an heav'nly day.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Salvation, let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, &c.

HYMN CCL.

An happy moment.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest in thee, my God:
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
When the Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same:
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us he's interceeding,
As the purchase of his blood:
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father save them, I have dy'd;

And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justify'd.

HYMN CCLI.

1 SAVIOUR of men, we bless thy name,
For thou art good for evermore;
Thy pow'r and grace we would proclaim,
And thine eternal love adore.

2 Thy glory shall for ever stand,
Thy truth remains both firm and sure:
Our souls we venture in thine hand,
And there we know we are secure.

3 Though troubles come and sorrows rise,
We will not fear for God's our aid;
Ill tidings cannot these surprize,
Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.

4 Glory to Christ our faithful friend;
(He is the Lord whom angels fear,)
On him we always would depend,
And in his right'ousness appear.

5 We love the Lord our God most high,
His grace demands our noblest song;
All praise to Christ who came to die,
To him all glory doth belong.

HYMN CCLII.

1 SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as an human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land,
Lo the promise of a show'r
Drops already from above,
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the spirit of his love.

2 Sons of God your Saviour praise,
He a door hath open'd wide,
He hath giv'n the word of grace
Jesu's word is glorify'd:
Jesu's mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought,
Worthy is the work of him,
Who all things to being brought.

3 When he first the work begun
Small and feeble was his day,
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it spreads its glorious way;
More and more it shines and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

HYMN CCLIII.

For a sick person.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,
Beneath thy hand a suff'rer lies,
Thy mercy, not thine anger proves;
And sick he is whom Jesus loves.

2 His to thine own afflictions join,
Accept, exalt, and count them thine;
Thy passion which remains fulfil,
And suffer in thy members still.

3 His sickness feel, endure his pain,
His burden bear, his cross sustain;
Grieve in his griefs, and sigh his sighs,
And breathe his wishes to the skies.

4 Enter his heart, possess him whole,
Inspire and actuate his soul;
Himself no longer let it be
That suffers or that lives but thee.

5 Thyself through suff'rings perfect made,
Conform him thus to thee his head;
Refine, and raise his virtue high'r;
When try'd and purify'd by fire.

6 So when his eyes behold thee near,
And thou his hidden life appear;
Bright in thy likeness shall he shine,
And glorious all, and all divine.

HYMN CCLIV.

Winter.

1 SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground;
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and lifeless I remain,
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise,
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop 'till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r and patient faith,
'Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all commanding words,
Seasons their changing course maintain;

In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN CCLV.

The last judgment. Rev. xxi. 5—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

[2 "I am the first, and I the last,
"Through endless years the same;
"I AM is my memorial still,
"And my eternal name.

3 "Such favours as a God can give,
"My royal grace bestows;
"Ye thirsty souls come taste the stream;
"Where life and pleasure flows.]

[4 "The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
"I'll own him for a son;
"The whole creation shall reward
"The conquests he has won.

5 "But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
"And all the lying race,
"The faithless and the scoffing crew
"That spurn at offer'd grace.

6 "They shall be taken from my sight,
"Bound fast in iron chains,
"And headlong plung'd into the lake
"Where fire and darkness reigns."]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessing on my head!

8 May I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

HYMN CCLVI.

Let the wicked forsake his way, &c. Is. lv. 7.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand strings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you presevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;

He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN CCLVII.

1 SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismay'd, in deed and word
Be a true witness to my Lord?

2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee!

4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread;
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man, an heir of death, a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let man rage! since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men! thy searching eye
Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's favour, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ does me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, intreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men reveal my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:

All hail reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through thee.

HYMN CCLVIII.

God far above creatures; or, man vain and mortal.
Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood,
Contend with their Creator, God!
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN CCLIX.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1. 22—32.

1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlasting Son,
"Before, the first of all his works,
"Creation was begun.

[3 "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the flood,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the sun should rise,
"And marshal ev'ry star.

5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep,
"I give the flood a firm decree
"In its own bounds to keep.]

6 "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well:
"With joy I saw the mansion where
"The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first
"On their salvation ran,
"E'er sin was born, or Adam's dust
"Was fashion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
"Ye children, and be wise;

" Happy the man that keeps my ways:
" The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN CCLX.

The brazen serpent ; or, looking to Jesus.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 " Look upward in the dying hour,
" And live," the prophet cries,
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns,
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CCLXI.

Holiness and grace.

1 SO let our lips and lives express,
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honours of our Saviour-God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;

Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN CCLXII.

The Christian warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain, Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sins are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd 'em to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

[3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

HYMN CCLXIII.

To the Holy Ghost.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit stay;
Though I have done thee such despite:
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy right'ous anger swear
T' exclude me from my people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
Ev'n now O Lord, relieve my woes;
Me to thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 Ev'n now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CCLXIV.

1 STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
To see my Redeemer, and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home:
O when will my spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain,
And then in the grave to lay down
My burden of body and pain;
O Jesus in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast;
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arm of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away:
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above,
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN CCLXV.

Christian virtues; or, *the difficulty of conversion.*

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crouds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

[3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lye.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.]

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard!
Thy grace must all my works perform,
And give thee free reward.

HYMN CCLXVI.

The divided heart lamented.

1 STRANGE that so much of heav'n and hell
Should in one bosom meet;
Lord, can thy Spirit ever dwell
Where Satan has a seat?

2 Now I am all transform'd to love,
And could expire in praise;
Then soon not all the joys above
One cheerful note can raise.

3 When I with pensive thoughts review
The mazes I have trod,
Astonish'd at the grace that drew
My wand'ring soul to God.

4 Oh with what ardent zeal I vow
A rectitude within!
What indignation fires me now,
At the mere thoughts of sin!

5 But vain amusements, hurrying cares,
Trifles of loss or gain,
Or carnal joys, or worldly fears,
Seduce my heart again.

6 By faithful hopes, and golden dreams,
I'm nurtur'd or betray'd,

Still toss'd between the two extremes,
Too vain, or too dismay'd.

7 Decide the dubious awful case,
By some assuring sign;
And oh may thy all conqu'ring grace
Declare that I am thine!

HYMN CCLXVII.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;

My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

The vanity of men as mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;

I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

HYMN CCLXIX.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, depart?

[3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

[4 What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?]

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,

Shew me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

[8 Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN CCLXX.

The believer's safety.

1 THAT man no guard or weapon needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe may pass if duty leads,
Through burning sands or mountain snows.

2 Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
He sees his Saviour always near
To help in ev'ry trying hour.

3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

4 His love possessing, I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whither I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.

5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with vigour there;
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

6 Or if the desart's sun-burnt soil,
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

HYMN CCLXXI.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and believers in Christ. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in his rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride,
Fled from the close pursuing wave;
Nor could the mightiest tow'rs defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his Ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.

5 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine Ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat:
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

HYMN CCLXXII.

The fountain of Christ. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of Christ
Assist me to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanses
From sin, and from filth;
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart,
With blood, and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter,
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain is such
(As thousands can tell)
The moment we touch
It's streams, we are well,
All waters beside them
Are full of the curse;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

4 This fountain, sick soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Wash here and be white;
Whatever diseases
Or dangers befal,
The fountain of Jesus
Will rid thee of all.

5 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.

6 This fountain unseal'd,
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly,
That hither are led:
Here's health for the sickly;
Here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here;
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome and bare;
You can't come too filthy,
Come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd;
The water flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Though leprous as mine.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

The reflection of a baptized believer—He went on his way rejoicing. Acts viii. 39.

1 THE holy eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy:
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts,
Did then his mind employ?

2 "Is that most glorious Saviour mine
"Of whom I lately read?
"Who bearing all my sins and griefs,
"Was number'd with the dead?"

3 "Is he who bursting from the grave;
"Now reigns above the sky,

" My advocate before the throne,
" My portion when I die?

4 " Have I profess'd his holy name?
" Do I his gospel bear
" To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
" And shall I spread it there?

5 " Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,
" And left my fears behind;
" What an unworthy wretch am I
" And God profusely kind!

6 " Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
" Which satisfy'd for sin;
" And of that renovating grace,
" Which makes the conscience clean."

7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work, the same, O make
Our consolation too.

HYMN CCLXXV.

It is finished. John 19, 30.

1 "'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word;
Behold the conquests of the Lord,
Compleat for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the right'ousness of grace,
Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew:
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison house a whisper hears,
"Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall.
"Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry cry.

5 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
But ah! the praise his work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Conclusion to our souls be this,
Because salvation finish'd is,
Our thanks shall never end.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

Who hath despised the day of small things? Zech iv. 10.

1 THE Lord that made both heav'n and earth,
And was himself made man,
Lay in the womb before his birth,
Contracted to a span:

2 Matur'd by time 'till forth he came,
A babe like others seen;
As small in size, and weak of frame,
As babes have always been.

3 From thence he grew an infant mild,
By fair and due degrees;
And then became a bigger child,
And sat on Mary's knees.

4 At first held up for want of strength
In time alone he ran;
Then grew a boy; a lad at length;
A youth; at last a man.

5 Behold from what beginnings small!
Our great salvation rose!
The strength of God is own'd by all;
But who his weakness knows?

6 Thus souls that would to heav'n attain,
Must Jacob's ladder climb;
And step by step the summit gain,
In measure and in time.

7 Let not the strong the weak despise;
Their faith, though small, is true;
Though low they seem in others eyes;
Their Sav'our seem'd so too.

8 Nor meanly of the tempted think;
For, oh what thought can tell,
How low the Lord of life must sink,
Before he vanquish'd hell!

9 The least believer is a saint,
And if our growth be slow,
We should not therefore tire and faint,
Since Christ himself could grow.

10 As in the days of flesh he grew,
In knowledge, stature, grace,
So in the soul that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual pace.

11 No less Almighty at his birth,
Than on his throne supreme:
His shoulders held up heav'n and earth,
When Mary held up him.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

The last judgment: or, *the saints rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne;
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear,
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," (he cries,)
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

Angels ministering to Christ and saints.

1 THE majesty of Solomon!
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!

2 But mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

[3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His ent'rance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And, when opprest with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints and bring,
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host
To see a sinner turn;
Than Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends,
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great arch-angel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

[1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord,
Awakes a thankful tongue;

How rich he spreads his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung.

2 Happy the man that eat this bread,
But doubly bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast;
And take the heav'nly bread.]

4 Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends,
"Come, my beloved eat (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends.

[5 "My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains;
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."]

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

[7 Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

HYMN CCLXXX.

Perseverance.

1 THE sinner that by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
Is, from that moment, pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heav'n.

2 Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

3 Not as the world the Saviour giv'n,
He is no fickle friend,
Whom once he loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the end.

4 The spirit that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God's temple down,
Wrest Jesu's sceptre from his hand,
And spoil him from his crown.

5 Satan might then full vict'ry boast,
The church might wholly fall;
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.

6 But Christ in ev'ry age has prov'd
His purchase firm and true,
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the right'ous do?

7 Brethren by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliss;
Whatever loss you bear beside,
Oh, never give up this.

HYMN CCXXXI.

Tribulation.

1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure;
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree,

Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!
'Till sad desertion makes us droop;
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with stedfast eye
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true,
We shall be conq'rors all ere long,
And more than conq'rors too.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

1 THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart
I would pursue with heart and mind;
And seek unweary'd till I find.

2 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant,
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.

3 O Lord, my God to thee I pray,
Teach me to know, and find the way.

How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
And safe, and surely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ, there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

1 THE saints appear to tread the courts
Of their dear God below;
Behold the multitude resorts
To hear the trumpet blow.

2 Lord God appear for our relief,
What can we do alone?
Come Saviour, banish unbelief,
And take us for thine own.

3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee,
Assist us, Lord, we pray;
O may thy Spirit present be;
O Lord, thy pow'r display.

4 Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
Teach us to know thy voice;
Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
And all thy saints rejoice.

5 Come Lord, nor let us be dismay'd;
Lord, hear thy people pray;
And let thy mercy be display'd
Amongst us here this day.

6 May sinners hear thy pow'rful call
And thy salvation see;
So shall our hearts, both one and all,
Sing songs of praise to thee.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

1 THE Sun of right'ousness appears,
To set in blood no more!
Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dy'd, and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

Frail life and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

[2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that it first gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or wretched woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

Death and immediate glory.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;

Then O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n!
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

The martyrs glorified. Rev vii. 13, &c.

1 THESE glorious minds how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiments white
In Jesu's dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy one.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

Saints dwell in heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the buildings on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky,
Who shall ascend that blest abode?
And dwell so near his Maker God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with right'ousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
They shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

5 Rejoice ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory's nigh;
Who can this King of glory be;
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way;

Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conq'ror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

Jericho; or, the waters healed.

1 THOUGH Jericho pleasantly stood,
And look'd like a promising soil;
The harvest produc'd little food,
To answer the husbandman's toil:
The water some property had,
Which poisonous prov'd to the ground;
The springs were corrupted and bad,
The streams spread a barrenness round.

2 But soon by the cruise and the salt,
Prepar'd by Elisha's command,
The water was cur'd of its fault
And plenty enriched the land:
An emblem sure this of the grace
On fruitless dead sinners bestow'd;
For man is in Jericho's case,
Till cur'd by the mercy of God.

3 How noble a creature he seems!
What knowledge, invention and skill!
How large and extensive his schemes!
How much can he do if he will!
His zeal to be learned and wise,
Will yield to no limits or bars;
He measures the earth and the skies,
And numbers and marshals the stars.

4 Yet still he is barren of good;
In vain are his talents and art;
For sin has infected his blood,
And poison'd the streams of his heart:
The cockatrice eggs he can hatch,
Or, spider-like, cobwebs can weave;
'Tis madness to labour and watch
For what will destroy and deceive.

5 But grace, like the salt in the cruise,
When cast in the spring of the soul,
A wonderful change will produce,
Diffusing new life through the whole:
The wilderness blooms like a rose,
The heart which was vile and abhorr'd,
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The garden and joy of the Lord.

HYMN CCXC.

Longing after Christ.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode;
Where saints in an extacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a sinner declare;
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
  There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
  Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
  And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
  Eternally held in thine heart.

HYMN CCXCI.

An evening song.

[1 THOU sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
  Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
  To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
  Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
  Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual blessings from above
  Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
  Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
  To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
  Fast as the minutes roll.

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
  To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
  To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
  I lay me down to rest,

As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN CCXCII.

The Lord will provide.

1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
"The Lord will provide."

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written
"The Lord will provide."

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
"The Lord will provide."

4 His call we obey
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers
We have a good guide,

And trust in all dangers,
" The Lord will provide."

5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fills us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft' he has try'd,
This heart cheering promise,
" The Lord will provide."

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions,
" The Lord will provide."

7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our power,
" The Lord will provide,"

8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
" The Lord will provide."

HYMN CCXCIII.

Agur's wish. Prov. xxx. 7, 8, 9.

1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire;
"My God, two favours I require,
"In neither my request deny,
"Vouchsafe them both before I die.

2 "Far from my heart and tents exclude
"Those enemies to all that's good,
"Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
"And falsehoods pestilential breath.

3 "Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
"Below the dome, above the cot,
"Let me my life unanxious lead,
"And know not luxury nor need."

4 These wishes, Lord, we make our own,
O shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, 'till this mortal breath,
Expiring tunes thy praise in death!

5 But should'st thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
The good and—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store.

6 Or should we feel the pains of want,
Submission, resignation grant,
Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

HYMN CCXCIV.

An evening hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

[5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN CCXCV.

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Is. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God, I dwell on high,
"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend on worlds below,
"On earth I have a mansion too;
"The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
"I bid the humble sinner live;

" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And ease the sorrows of the mind.

[4 " When I contend against their sin,
" I make them know how vile they've been;
" But should my wrath for ever smoke,
" Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
Thus shall our bitter thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN CCXCVI.

After baptism.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood:
Thus one day also was baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave:
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 The mystic rite his death describ'd;
His burial did foreshew,
The quick'ning of his sacred flesh;
His resurrection too.

4 Lord, thy own precept we obey;
In thy own footsteps tread;
We die; are buried; rise with thee
From regions of the dead,

5 Spirit of grace, and truth, and love,
Thy pow'r on us display;
Approve our acts, and seal our souls
To the redemption day.

HYMN CCXCVII.

Desire of knowledge; or, the teaching of the spirit with the word.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truths impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learn'd my father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;

My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

HYMN CCXCVIII.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle gives me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun;

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN CCXCIX.

Lord's day morning.

1 TO day God bids the faithful rest,
To day he show'rs his grace;
"Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said;
Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things on earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo! heav'n descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine!

3 We come dear Saviour, lo! we come,
Lord of our life and soul:
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 We thirst and fly to thee, O Lord,
Thou fountain-head of good;
Filthy we come, and all unclean;
O cleanse us in thy blood.

5 O may we please our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

6 Amid th' assembly of thy saints,
Let us be faithful found;

And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.

7 Let thy good Spirit help our souls,
With faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

HYMN CCC.

A prayer for persons joined in fellowship.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart,
Whate'er of sin in us is found
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve,
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee the living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the sanctify'd.

HYMN CCCI.

1 TWO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone?
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands:
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whose spirits droop!
To him who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each others burdens bear,
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual pray'r.

3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintains our unity:
Jesus is the corner-stone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 Oh that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supply'd in Jesu's love
What ev'ry member wants!
Grasp our high calling's prize!
Feel our sins on earth forgiv'n!
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our head in heav'n.

HYMN CCCII.

God our preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears,
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade
To guard my head,
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

HYMN CCCIII.

Death.

1 VAIN man thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent; thy end is nigh,
Death at the farthest can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond thy grave?
How stands that dark account!

3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell,
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah, destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb!

5 To day, the gospel calls, to day;
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God;
All giv'n entirely free.

HYMN CCCIV.

The church, the garden of Christ. Sol. Song iv. 12, 13, 15, *and* v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, enclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

5 Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 Eat of the tree of life my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.

3 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live,
Demand more praise than tongues can give.]

HYMN CCCV.

1 WE bless the Father and the Son,
We bless the Holy Ghost likewise;
We praise the sacred Three in One,
Who made our souls from sin to rise.

2 Thy sacred precepts we receive,
O Lord we bless thy holy name,
That thou should ever give us leave,
And charge us to obey the same.

3 It is an honour to obey
Thy great commands before all men,
So we have trod the wat'ry way,
For in the water Christ hath been.

4 This ordinance O Lord we keep,
According to thy wise design;
Lord may we walk among thy sheep;
We seek no other fold but thine.

5 Lord guide us by thy counsel here,
Till we this gloomy vale have past;
Save us from sin, save us from fear,
And bring us to thyself at last.

HYMN CCCVI.

Travailing in birth for souls.

1 WHAT contradictions meet
In ministers employ!
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy:

No other post affords a place
For equal honour, or disgrace!

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel;
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts, as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then, how their inmost souls are griev'd.

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

6 On what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

HYMN CCCVII.

Christ's humiliation and exultation.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee O Lord our God the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar,
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross:

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

HYMN CCCVIII.

The business and blessedness of glorified saints.
Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

1 WHAT happy men, or angels, these
That all their robes are spotless white?

Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty's throne
With loud hosanna's night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls:
He bids their parching thirst be gone;
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN CCCIX.

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his Church. Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious King:
"'Tis I, the just th' Almighty One,
"That your salvation bring.

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
Why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 I by myself have trod the press,
" And crush'd my foes alone;
" My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
" My fury stamp'd them down.

5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
" With joyful scarlet stains,
" The triumph that my raiment wears,
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,
" That dare insult my saints;
" I have an arm t'avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."

HYMN CCCX.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church, or public thanks for private deliverance.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shewn?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!

My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

HYMN CCCXI.

What think ye of Christ?

1 WHAT think you of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you
And mercy or wrath are your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
So guilty, so helpless, am I
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say, "he's the fountain of joys;"
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas the Saviour they kiss:
And while they salute him, betray;

Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day?

4 If ask'd, what of Jesus I think?
Though still my best thoughts are but poor;
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store:
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN CCCXII.

Exhortation to prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side; (*e*)
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

(*e*) Exod. xvii. 11.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent!
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN CCCXIII.

Gratitude to God.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry path of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way;

And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 (Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hast doubled all my store.)

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN CCCXIV.

Difficulties, in the way of duty, surmounted—Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv. 56.‡

[1 WHEN Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,

‡ *This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.*

He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet, for ten days, they urg'd the man
His journey to delay ;
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,
Since God hath crown'd my way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord,
My soul to him did wed ;
Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.

4 Stay, says the world, and taste awhile
My ev'ry pleasant sweet ;
Hinder me not, my soul replies ;
Because the way is great.

5 Stay Satan, my old master cries,
Or force shall thee detain ;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain.]

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

8 Through duty, and through trials too
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Emmanuel's land.

9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN CCCXV.

On the death of a young person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—I too—must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN CCCXVI.

1 WHEN Christ shall rend from end to end
The regions of the air,
And split the skies in twain likewise,
Then he'll himself appear.

2 Then he'll appear a drawing near
With armies broad and long;

In rank and file, ten thousand mile,
Then we shall see the throng.

3 Then he will tell the arch-angel,
To blow the trumpet loud,
That all may hear, both far and near;
Oh! then you'll see the crowd.

4 Then he will call, both great and small,
The beggar, prince, and drudge;
The high, the low, the poor also,
To come before their Judge.

5 The sheep shall stand at Christ's right hand,
But goats at his left side;
All shall appear, from far and near,
To have their causes try'd.

6 Then he will say, depart away,
Ye goats go down to dwell
With the devil and his angels,
In a prepared hell.

7 But to the rest, "come up ye blest,"
(The Saviour he will say)
"Come dwell above, and rest in love,
"To one eternal day.

8 "When you've been there ten thousand year,
"Bright shining like the sun,
"You've no less days to sing God's praise
"Than when you first begun.

9 "Those robes you wear, so bright and fair,
"Which dazzle like the sun,
"I've kept above, wrapt up in love;
"Angels ne'er had them on.

10 "But know my bride, had I not dy'd,
"You must have naked gone;

" They're made for you, I know they'll do,
" For I have try'd them on.

11 " Now who are they that dare to say
" I've been too kind to these?
" A right I have to damn or save,
" Or do just what I please."

12 Jesus I thirst, and go I must,
I long to be above;
I long to sing, and praise my King,
Where oceans flow with love.

HYMN CCCXVII.

Faith fainting.

1 WHEN compass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load,
All-plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus, for peace,
The rock that is higher than I;
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,

The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my only resource;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

HYMN CCCXVIII.

Return of joy.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn!)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN CCCXIX.

The foolish virgins.

1 WHEN descending from the sky
The bridegroom shall appear;
And the solemn midnight cry,
Shall call professors near;
How the sound our hearts will damp!
How will shame o'erspread each face!
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace.

2 Foolish virgins then will wake,
And seek for a supply;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy:
Then with those they now despise,
Earnestly they'll wish to share;
But the best among the wise,
Will have no oil to spare.

3 Wise are they, and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be!
But despair will seize the rest,
And dreadful misery:
"Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,
"Though in lies our trust we put;
"Now our lamp of hope is out,
"The door of mercy shut."

4 If they then presume to plead,
"Lord, open to us now;
"We on earth have heard and pray'd,
"And with thy saints did bow;"

He will answer from his throne,
"Though you with my people mix'd,
"Yet to me you ne'er were known,
"Depart, your doom is fix'd."

O that none who worship here
May hear that word, depart!
Lord impress a godly fear
On each professor's heart:
Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
Let us not ourselves beguile;
Trusting to a dying lamp
Without a stock of oil.

HYMN CCCXX.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, melancholy removed.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own the pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust;
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost!
For grace insures the crop.

HYMN CCCXXI.

Hannah; or, the throne of grace.

1 WHEN *Hannah* press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burthen there:
Like her in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble, what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r:
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Eli her case mistook,
How was her spirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke?
But God her cause approv'd;
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at the throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
(As *Eli* rashly thought)
But with a faith divine,
And found the help she sought:
Though men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Men have not pow'r or skill,
With troubled souls to bear;
Though they express good-will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor one be yet deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air,
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our sorrows chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.

HYMN CCCXXII.

The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrows fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CCCXXIII.

Baptism.

1 WHEN John (though a man)
Baptizing began,
Believers in Jordan, confessing their sin.

2 The Pharisees came,
In Abraham's name,
For to be baptized, and lay in their claim.

3 You vipers, said he,
Who warn'd you to flee?
Bring forth your repentance that fruits we may see.

4 And think not indeed,
You're Abraham's seed,
And so for my baptism a right have to plead.

5 By this we may see,
Our baptism to be
For none but believers a privilege free.

6 From Galilee came,
Christ Jesus by name,
For to be baptized, and was not asham'd.

7 John to him did say,
Why com'st thou to me,
When I have need to be baptized of thee?

8 Oh suffer it so,
'Tis right we should show,
All right'ous obedience wherever we go.

9 The rights were perform'd,
And Jesus return'd;
The Father his blessing sent down on his Son.

10 The Spirit of God,
Descends like a dove;
And lights on the Sav'our in tokens of love.

11 By this we may see
The whole Trinity,
To honour our baptism do jointly agree.

12 We'll not be asham'd,
Where Jesus is nam'd;
He's precious unto us, though sinners blaspheme.

13 We'll follow him down,
To th' water we're bound,
Oh sinners, see what an example we've found.

HYMN CCCXXIV.

Joseph made known to his brethren.

1 WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted, and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear:
A while his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to shew himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!

" I'm Joseph your brother (he said)
" And still to my heart you are dear,
" You sold me, and thought I was dead,
" But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up,
" Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
" Forgive us the evil we did?
" And will he our households maintain?
" O this is a brother indeed!"

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came
And laden with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, " thou cursed depart!"

5 But oh! what surprize when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded with grace:
" Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
" By thee I was sold and was slain;
" I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
" And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 I'm Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,
" And crucify'd often afresh;
" But let me henceforth be esteem'd
" Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:
" My pardon I freely bestow,
" Thy wants I will fully supply;
" I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
" And soon will remove thee on high.

7 Go publish to sinners around,
"(That they may be willing to come)
"The mercy which now you have found,
"And tell them that yet there is room."
O sinners the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus our brother and friend.

HYMN CCCXXV.

Lord's day evening.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.

3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, O God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

1 WHEN our great Sov'reign from on high,
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware,
That he his chosen family,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender care,
Would be compelled soon to leave ;
He fill'd with love and grief intense,
To them his farewell blessing gave,
Before his suff'rings did commence.

2 Feeling beforehand all the weight
Of those dire scenes of pain and woe,
Which he well knew did him await,
His love towards his own to show,
He water in a bason pour'd,
And washed his disciples' feet,
Their souls already by his word,
Save one, were cleansed ev'ry whit.

3 When he this act of love had done,
He unto his disciples said :
" To you I've an example shown :
" Ye call me Master, Lord, and Head,
" If I as such have wash'd your feet,
" To one another do the same."
This solemn act to celebrate,
We're now assembled in his name.

4 Arise then, and with due respect,
With humble shame and willingness,
Do what our Saviour doth direct,
Endowed with disciple's grace !
Since Jesus to release from sin
Unto his people power gave,
We in his name are now wash'd clean,
And with our Lord a part may have.

5 Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be near,
Forgive us all our trespasses ;

With joy divine our spirit cheer,
Absolve and grant us pard'ning grace!
As our high-priest lift up thy hand,
That hand the nail once pierced through,
Thy mercy unto us extend,
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

6 Inspire our hearts with mutual love,
O may we truly humble be,
Thy faithful servants ever prove,
Who yield in all things joy to thee:
In due obedience to thy word,
We now have wash'd each other's feet,
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,
To follow, we find always meet.

7 Sure as thou art the churches head,
Sure as we dust and ashes are,
So sure we by thy blood, once shed,
Are now, through grace, absolv'd and clear;
Sure as thy crosses church remains
To the blind world a spectacle,
So sure in her thy Spirit reigns,
And thou dost in thy temple dwell.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erpress'd with guilt and fear,
I meet my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul;
Oh! how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
That doth her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall future woes prevent.

5 Then hear the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To seal that pardon sure.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

Hezekiah's song; or, sickness and recovery. Is. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our mind with slavish fears;
Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands,
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

Strength from heaven. Is. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name,
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm,
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN CCCXXX.

1 WHILE shepherds watch their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town, this day
"Is born of David's line,
"A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
"And this shall be the sign.

4 "The heav'nly babe ye there shall find
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Address'd their heav'nly song:

6 "All glory be to God on high;
"And on the earth be peace,
"Good will, henceforth from heav'n to man
"Begin and never cease."

HYMN CCCXXXI.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Is. liii. 1—5. 10—12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?

Reveal thine arm almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son,

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And make his kingdom stand;
"My pleasure (saith the God of grace)
"Shall prosper in his hand.

[6 "His joyful soul shall see
"The purchase of his pain,
"And by his knowledge justify
"The guilty sons of men.]

[7 "Ten thousand captive slaves
"Releas'd from death and sin,
"Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
"And own his pow'r divine.]

[8 "Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd;
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins, and dy'd."]

HYMN CCCXXXII.

The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of her own. Sol. Song, viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

[1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans!

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart, and on thy hand;
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine,
"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impress'd,
"As a fair signet on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come;
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
"Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

Character of a saint: or, a citizen of Zion; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with right'ous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?

Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN CCCXXXV.

Departed saints asleep. Mark v.39. 1 Thes.iv.13.

1 "WHY flow these torrents of distress?"
(The gentle Saviour cries)
"Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
"With unbelieving eyes?

2 "Death's feeble arms shall never boast,
"A friend of Christ is slain;
"Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
"A lasting pow'r retain.

3 "I come, on wings of love, I come,
"The slumb'rers to awake;
"My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
"And all its bonds shall break.

4 " Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise ;
" They rise to sleep no more ;
" But rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,
" To endless day they soar."

5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word ;
And, though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait
With them to rest and praise ;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days.

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

[5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;

The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address;
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CCCXXXVII.

A practical improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

1 YE children of your God attend;
Ye heirs of glory hear;
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive pow'r
To raise and fix us high.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

The goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN CCCXL.

Comfort to such as seek a risen Jesus. Matt. 28.5,6.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death, that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the gates and bars of death
The conq'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And though unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy, like his, shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN CCCXLI.

The successful resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther iv. 16.

1 YE humble sinners, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess,
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
"Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose scepter pardon gives,
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my pray'r;

" But if I perish I will pray,
" And perish only there.

6 " I can but perish if I go,
" I am resolv'd to try:
" For if I stay away, I know
" I must for ever die."

HYMN CCCXLII.

Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

HYMN CCCXLIII.

Comfort for pious parents, who have been bereaved of their children. Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,

Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie:
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.

3 Though your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place,
"No names of daughters and of sons
"Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight
"My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

Praise for conversion. Psalm lxvi. 16

1 YE souls that fear the Lord,
Come, listen while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,

While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

6 At length to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive sigh,
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

HYMN CCCXLV.

Bright and morning star. Rev. xxii. 16.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning-star,
(Jesus, the spring of light and love:)
See how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Christian's way;
Still as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 [Thus when the eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]

5 When shall we reach the heav'nly place,
Where this bright star will brightest shine;
Leave, far behind, these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine!

HYMN CCCXLVI.

The Sower. Matt. xiii. 4—9.

1 YE sons of earth prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground!
The Sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil;
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is sure to baulk
All hopes of harvest there:
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path, and high-way side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

5 But where the Lord of grace and pow'r
Has bless'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

HYMN CCCXLVII.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways,
To watch your pillows while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call;
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempters wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them," saith the Lord,

" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Above destruction and the sword.

7 " My grace shall answer when they call;
" In trouble I'll be nigh;
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.

8 " Those that on earth my name have known,
" I'll honour them in heav'n;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be giv'n."

HYMN CCCXLVIII.

Death and the resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

HYMN CCCXLIX.

The midnight cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake,

Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight-cry,
Behold your heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.—

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctify'd.

5 Rejoice, in glorious hope,
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage-feast,
And lean on our Emmanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saint receive,
Above those angel-pow'rs
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
With that bless'd wedding-robe endu'd,—
The blood and right'ousness of God.

HYMN CCCL.

Providing bags that wax not old. Luke xii. 33.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite, my willing hands, can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

HYMN CCCLI.

The attraction of the cross. John xii. 32.

1 YONDER——amazing sight!——I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud!
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

HYMN CCCLII.

1 ZION rejoice, lift up your voice:
Your Saviour will appear;
The Lamb, once slain, will come to reign
With you, a thousand years.

2 Satan he'll bind, as you will find,
And Jesus will be King;
The saints he'll raise, to sing his praise,
And death shall lose his sting.

3 He's blest indeed, that shall be freed
From sin, hell, and the grave;
Over that man death never can
The least dominion have.

APPENDIX.

HYMN CCCLIII.

God's love to mankind.

1 O GOD of good th' unfathom'd sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before th' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works, thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow,
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, 'till thou art mine?

4 High-thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly order'st all that is,
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with thee
Inthron'd, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows,
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yes; self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this thou dost require.

6 Primeval beauty! in thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light,
See all their brightest glories fade;
What then to me thine eyes could turn,
In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And trembling own th' almighty God,
Sov'reign of earth, hell, air, and sky,
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

8 O God of good th' unfathom'd sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

HYMN CCCLIV.

Christ's incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

HYMN CCCLV.

Praise to God.

1 HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky?
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

2 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sung from a feeble voice.

HYMN CCCLVI.

Holy confidence; or, *Christian triumph.*

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O! magnify the Lord with me:
With me exalt his name,
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his trust confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN CCCLVII.

Thirsting for communion with God.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
In haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temples shine:
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,

As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray
And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN CCCLVIII.

A general invitation to praise God.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came.

And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

5 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favour's Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

HYMN CCCLIX.

The witnessing power.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace!

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;

And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey me home.

HYMN CCCLX.

God exalted above all praise.

1 ETERNAL pow'r, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But, O the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heav'n, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN CCCLXI.

Pleading with God under desertion; or, *hope in darkness.*

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?

Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray and be deny'd.

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return:

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sink so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my foes or fears suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest,
My heart shall feel thy love and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

HYMN CCCLXII.

Complaints under temptations of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

HYMN CCCLXIII.

Heaven begun on earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God:
But servants of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,

That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love:
Thou shalt send down thy heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see thy face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of thy grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through *Emmanuel's* ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CCCLXIV.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righ'tousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eye the creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions Lord?
How slow thine anger moves?
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN CCCLXV.

Of Christian love and fellowship.

1 BLESS'D be that dear uniting love,
Which will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

CHORUS.

2 Oh! the Lamb, the living Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb was slain, but lives again,
To intercede for me.

3 But if our fellowship below,
With Jesus be so sweet,
What holy joy shall we possess,
When round his throne we meet.
Oh! the Lamb, &c.

4 With Jesus Christ together meet,
With him for ever dwell.
Till then I say, let's watch and pray,
So my dear friend farewell.
Oh! the Lamb, &c.

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A SELECTION

OF

HYMNS,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

SUPPLEMENTARY

FOR

THE USE OF CHRISTIANS.

And they sung a new song, &c. REV. v. 9.

FIRST EDITION

GERMANTOWN:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN LEIBERT, JUN'R.

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1816.

District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN I. C. M.

The spiritual coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

MARTYRS.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the son of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

CONVERTED JEWS.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

BELIEVING GENTILES.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

OF EVERY AGE.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,

Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

OF EVERY NATION.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
Upon this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN II. S. M.

Forms vain without Religion.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN III. L. M.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

HYMN IV. C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high?
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of Spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN V. C. M.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?

2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful pow'r bestow!
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou "standest at the door,"
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN VI. P. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;

With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive they cry!
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

HYMN VII. L. M.

Jehovah-Shammah, Ezek. xlviii. 35.

1 AS birds their infant brood protect
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it?—who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God
The sinners whom he calls his own.

4 There, though besieg'd on ev'ry side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well;
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city hath a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, *The Lord is there*,
And who has power to drive them thence?

HYMN VIII. L. M.

Thy kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints, and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

HYMN IX. L. M.

1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes,
Arise and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty,
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN X. L. M.

1 AWAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And serve my Saviour here below,
In works which all the saints above,
Which holy angels cannot do.

2 My faith and hope may see the Lord,
Though veils of darkness lie between;
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unseen.

3 Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry soul and clothe the poor;
In heav'n are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul
Maintain the fight, the work pursue,

Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

5 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no fields of battle there,
Lord I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

6 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown.

HYMN XI. L. M.

The Christian Race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply:
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XII. L. M.

The benefit of Public Ordinances.

1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care;
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 [If Satan rage, and sin grows strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel-armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN XIII. L. M.

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey:
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines:
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

5 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

6 O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN XV. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree.
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles bend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN XVI. P. M.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.
With them, &c.

3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them, &c.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
With them, &c.

5 They have fellowship with God
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.

6 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldlings mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy,
With them, &c.

7 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd,
They are by his Spirit seal'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

HYMN XVII. L. M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels—
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the suff'rer rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

HYMN XVIII. P. M.

1 BURST ye em'rald gates and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All th' extatic joys, that spring
Round the bright elisian;

Lo we lift our longing eyes,
Break ye intervening skies;
Sons of righteousness arise,
Op'n the gates of paradise;

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy one.

4 Hark—the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, me thinks, to seize us—
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN XIX. P. M.

Living by Faith connected with Works.

1 BY faith I live, by faith I see,
That Jesus gave his life for me;

By faith I venture on his grace,
And through his blood my sins efface.

2 Yet faith alone will not suffice,
To bring me to that Paradise;
That heaven, where holy angels dwell,
And souls redeem'd from death and hell.

3 Our works on earth are works of love,
Which frame our minds for things above,
And if we would on Christ depend,
His blessed voice we should attend.

4 To blend the two in one we see,
How faith and works do sweet agree;
And through their influence we shall find,
A God most gracious, good, and kind.

5 Then let us learn to watch and pray,
And strive to walk the narrow way;
And if we would true pleasure find,
Our sins must all be left behind.

6 Thus when we leave this world of woe,
A witness we shall leave below;
That ages yet unborn may see,
The right we have to liberty.

HYMN XX. C. M.

The different Success of the Gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme:
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;

They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN XXI. C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's pow'r,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN XXII. P. M.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a king
Large petitions with thee bring:
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto mine heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there,

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN XXIII. L. M.

1 COME, Saviour Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou who hast the right,
As Lord and master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN XXIV. S. M.

A psalm before sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown:
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand, and swear,
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest
"Shall have no portion there."

HYMN XXV. L. M.

1 DISMISS us from the house of pray'r,
With blessings, such as mortals need:
And make our souls thy constant care,
Till we from evil shall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again
Till we our Lord appearing see,
O may we all with Jesus reign,
And always with our Saviour be.

HYMN XXVI. C. M.

The everlasting Song.

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest Man my Saviour sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around:
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing:
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's *equal* down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the *Man!*
(The *God* resides within:)
His flesh all pure without a stain;
His soul without a sin.

8 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,
Silent their harps abide:
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.

9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord:
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here.
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 There ye that love my Saviour sit:
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

Faith of Things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN XXVIII. S. M.

The beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship and order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And our's above the sky.

HYMN XXIX. L. M.

The Enjoyment of Christ; or, *Delight in Worship.*

1 FAR from my thoughts vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 [Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XXX. C. M.

Prospect of the Millenium.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the earth's remotest bounds
"Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 [When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
That dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at your Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption giv'n?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe with all thy millions, shout
Hosanna's to the Lord.

7 Asia and Africa resound,
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou America in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim.

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

Fellowship with God.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod:

Arise my soul and strive to gain,
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod;
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road;
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth that golden load;
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I am made in love to bear,
Affliction's needful rod;
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road;
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.

7 So when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood;
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode;
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN XXXIII. C. M.

The example of Christ and the saints.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys;
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears,
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sin, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb;
Their triumph, to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

HYMN XXXIV. P. M.

Glorious things spoken of Zion, the City of God,
Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:

On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 [See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Shewing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!

Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN XXXV. L. M.

Longing after God; or, The Love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face,
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,

If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name.

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain.
Nor tongues, nor gift, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

HYMN XXXVII. C. M.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

1 HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young:
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.

4 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us, to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine!

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

HYMN XXXIX. P. M.

The voice of Christ.—"Lovest thou me," John xxi. 16.

1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wounds;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN XL. P. M.

Finished Redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN XLI. C. M.

Reign of Christ.

1 HASTEN O Lord the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;
And all the nations of the world,
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
Raise the dear cross on high;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly,
To sound the Saviour forth;
And faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.

5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray,
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN XLII. C. M.

I am the Lord that healeth thee, Exod. xv.

1 HEAL us, *Immanuel*, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word,
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Far be that from the Lord!

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amidst the gather'd throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN XLIII. L. M.

The Christian crowned.

1 HONOR and happiness unite
To make the christian's name a praise:

How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expences of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought,
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

HYMN XLIV. C. M.

Mercies and Thanks.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?

Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine:
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN XLV. C. M.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints:
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest,

With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God my Saviour reigns.

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the water side.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.

3 Let grace which then was exercis'd,
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world begone; let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne,

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise;
That hence our lives, our all may be
Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN XLVII. P. M.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And pluck'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me:
His wond'rous pow'r to save!

2 Of men great skill possessing,
I thought a cure to gain,
But that prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great physician,
How matchless in his power,
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my cure.
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my sight had seal'd,
Then bid me look unto him,
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

4 A bleeding dying Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,

At once from sin it frees us,
And saves our souls from death!
Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis, only look and live.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls:
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room;
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"]

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in:
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN XLIX. C. M.

Presumption and Despair; or, *Satan's various Temptations.*

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 [He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they must die!
"And 'tis too late to pray;

6 In vain for mercy now they cry,
" For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN L. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save;
He lives, all-glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives and grants me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to crush the pow'rs of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,

He lives to heal and make me whole
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

6 He lives to silence all my fears;
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

7 He lives my kind, my heavenly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.

8 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

9 He lives all glory to his name,
He lives my Jesus still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN LI. P. M.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure!
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN LII. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN LIII. P. M.

1 IN boundless mercy, gracious Lord appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty heart;
Cause ev'ry soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race;
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill ev'ry soul for ev'ry soul is thine.

3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my King from him I would not move,
Away then all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My ravish'd heart, hath all your glory stain'd;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd
And left no room for any guest.

HYMN LIV. C. M.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt;
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I died that thou may'st live.

7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirits now were fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN LV. C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe.
And bears me on his heart.

HYMN LVI. P. M.

Ceremonial Law; Heb. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type well understood,
Express'd the sinners plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN LVII. C. M.

Following the example of Christ.

1 IT is a very pleasant thing
To follow Christ our Lord;
And thus obey our heav'nly King,
According to his word.

2 Down to the water side we go;
By Christ's example led;

Into the same we come also,
As did our glorious head.

3 Saviour, we bless thy wond'rous name,
For thy example bright;
We love to imitate the same,
As thou dost us invite.

4 We are baptiz'd as Jesus was,
His easy yoke we bear:
And we are thus baptiz'd, because
That we his subjects are.

5 Lord may we to thy glory live,
Teach us thy heav'nly ways;
To us thy holy Spirit give,
And we thy name will praise.

6 And we thy sacred name profess,
May we our moments spend
In ways of truth and righteousness,
Until our lives shall end.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end;
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone;
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy street is pav'd with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been;

Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus, love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the song Free Grace.

9 Millions of years around may run
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.

10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN LIX. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

HYMN LX. P. M.

Friends Parting.

1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet above.

2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
While together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us ev'ry one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN LXI. C. M.

JESUS—*precious to them that believe*, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
And dying clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN LXII. P. M.

Buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.

1 JESUS, mighty king in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave;
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron's is no more;

4 "Melchisedeck, that wond'rous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man, who Abr'am blest,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

HYMN LXIV. L. M.

The Restoration.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journey run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax, and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands and their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings:
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold,
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own the Lord.

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
The early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more,
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat a loud Amen.

HYMN LXV. C. M.

1 JESUS, the all sustaining Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
Through all eternity.

HYMN LXVI. L. M.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above,
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN LXVII. L. M.

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord; or, *The day of Judgment.* Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVIII. C. M.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all:

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pain thy servants feel;
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad.
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

HYMN LXIX. L. M.

Life, the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;

Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN LXX. S. M.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.
Isa. liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way;
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken quite away;

Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompence his pain.

6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN LXXI. L. M.

Divine Influences compared to Rain, Ps. lxxii. 6.

1 LIKE showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As in soft silence vernal showers,
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,

While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind,
'Till earth's wild waste in verdure rise,
And a youg *Eden* bless our eyes.

HYMN LXXII. C. M.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
God of eternal love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and Unsanctified Affections.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

Ezekiels vision of the dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adams's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death:
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice:

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN LXXV. S. M.

On Public Worship.

1 LORD, at thy sacred feet
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;

In humble prayer to bend the knee,
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heavenly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold,
The treasures of thy word.

5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are bless'd with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food!

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

The song of Simeon; or, *Death made desirable.*
Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies;

" I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
" And close my peaceful eyes.

4 " This is the light prepar'd to shine
" Upon the Gentile lands;
" Thine Isr'el's glory, and their hope,
" To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN LXXVII. P. M.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me.
Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;

Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me,

5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld 'till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN LXXVIII. L. M.

The Church is the garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

The Gospel Jubilee, Psalm lxxxix. 15.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your hope is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her bless'd inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
Their joys still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew the jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

HYMN LXXX. L. M.

The grace of God, sovereign, universal and free.

1 MAGNIFICENT free grace, arise,
Outshine the thoughts of shallow men;

Sov'reign, preventing all surprize,
To him that neither will'd nor ran.

2 Grand as the bosom whence thou flow'd,
Kind as the heart that gave thee vent;
Rich as the gift that God bestow'd,
And lovely like the Christ he sent.

3 Sin reign'd to death; but over sin
And death, with more impartial sway,
Grace spreads her more extensive reign,
And does eternal life convey.

4 For us Salvation wide displays,
Her ample all-refreshing wing;
Safe in the shade free grace we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing.

HYMN LXXXI. L M.

At foot washing.

1 MAKE up thy jewels Lord, and shew,
The glorious spotless church below,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And oh my God, might I be one.

2 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses.
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples feet.

3 To wait upon his saints below,
On gospel errands for them go,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.

HYMN LXXXII. P.M.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain:
To heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green,
The hills and vallies shine;
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine.
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
"Almighty to effect
"The purpose I intend.
"Millions of souls
"Shall feel its pow'r,
"And bear it down
"To millions more."

HYMN LXXXIII. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among'st the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN LXXXIV. L. M.

A Song for Morning or Evening. Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXV. L. M.

Praise for protection, grace and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN LXXXVI. C. M.

Divine Drawings celebrated: or, *Gratitude the Spring of true Religion*, Hosea xi. 4.

1 MY *God*, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort thro' all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
'Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

HYMN LXXXVII. L. M.

1 MY hope, my All, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow:
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;

In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side,

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me:
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptations darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN LXXXVIII. C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!

My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

5 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.]

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN LXXXIX. C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger, nor a guest,
But like a child at home.

HYMN XC. L. M.

At Table.

1 MY soul, survey thy happiness,
If thou art found a child of grace,
How richly is the gospel stor'd!
What joy the promises afford!

2 All things are now the gift of God,
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how,
To use and to enjoy them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me Lord to sing thy praise;
If bread of sorrow be my food,
Those sorrows work my real good.

4 Be present at our table Lord,
Be here and every where ador'd:
Thy people bless, and grant that we,
May feast in paradise with thee.

HYMN XCI. L. M.

The value of Christ *and his Righteousness.*
Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN XCII. C. M.

God's tender care of his Church. Is. lix. 13, 14, &c.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths has bound his love
To show'r Salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd wall,
And build her broken frame.

HYMN XCIII. L. M.

He hath done all things well.

1 NOW shall our hearts with pleasure raise
To our dear Lord a song of praise;
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.

2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race;
He conquer'd sin, and death, and hell;
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

3 He undertook to bear our load,
And bring us back again to God;
To fit us with himself to dwell;
Christ Jesus hath done all things well.

4 He will accomplish his design,
And all things in himself combine,
No more shall ever they rebel;
Our Jesus will do all things well.

5 His work how great! his plan how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel,
For Jesus will do all things well.

6 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell;
Our Jesus hath done all things well!

7 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry, "He hath done all things well."

8 All creatures then as one shall join,
To shout aloud his praise divine!
(As sacred prophecies foretel)
And say, "he hath done all things well."

HYMN XCIV. P. M.

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within:
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 While the angels-choirs are crying;
Glory to the great I am!
I with them would still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious:
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angels-minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shown;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour!
This he makes to mortals known;
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us;
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN XCV. P. M.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love.
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasure in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear:
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd,
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid it all adieu.
And you my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love.
And when your race is ended.
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not r use to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

HYMN XCVI. L. M.

The delight of public worship.

1 OF all the pleasures that we know,
Thy service Lord exceeds the best
Though in thy earthly courts below,
What is it then among the blest?

2 When we assemble in thy house,
To read thy word, to praise, and pray,
To hear thy gospel, pay our vows,
With what delight we spend the day!

3 How short the hours of worship seem!
What raptures do our spirits feel!

While we can speak and hear of him,
Who suffer'd death to work our weal!

4 From morn till noon, from noon till eve,
The pleasing theme we could attend;
Such satisfaction we receive
As strangers cannot comprehend.

5 All earthly joys with these compar'd,
Are less than nothing in our eyes;
Pleasures of sense we disregard,
And those of sin we would despise.

HYMN XCVII. C. M.

Desiring the first love.

1 O! for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void.
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN XCVIII. L. M.

1 OH! give me Lord my sins to mourn—
My sins! which have thy body torn!
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!

3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn;
And never from the cross return:
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus's blood.

4 I'd hang around his cross, and cry
"Lord save a soul condemn'd to die!"
O let a wretch come near thy throne,
"To plead the merits of thy Son."

HYMN XCIX. C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

1 OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN C. C. M.

The promised Land.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN CI. S. M.

Communion with God *and* Christ, 1 John i. 3.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood?

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN CII. L. M.

Christ's Ascension.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way.

6 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of boundless pow'r possess'd;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN CIII. P. M.

Heavenly Union.

1 OUR souls in love together knit,
Cemented, join'd in one,
One heart, one voice, one faith, one mind,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd and talk'd, and kindly bless'd,
And fill'd our large desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour! let creation sing,
A Saviour! let all heaven ring,
He's all with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;
We're following those who've gone before;
We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
There we shall meet to part no more.

2 When thou thy jewels shall make up,
And set the starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
Be children, sav'd by grace;
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face,

A Saviour, &c.

HYMN CIV. S. M.

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the whole earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From this abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. C. M.

The nativity of Christ.

1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
"And send your fears away;

" News from the regions of the skies!
" Salvation's born to day.

2 " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
" Nor royal shining things:
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.

4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 " Glory to God, that reigns above;
" Let peace surround the earth:
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

8 Glory to God, that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN CVI. P. M.

Alarm.

1 STOP poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go:
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe.

2 Say have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose;
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?

3 Although your heart's as hard as steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass;
God at last will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.

4 Pale fac'd death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
There to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.

5 Can you stand that dreadful day,
When judgment is proclaim'd?
The earth and sea shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame.

6 Sinners then in vain will cry,
Who now despise his grace;
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

7 But in the Lord, there still is hope,
You may his mercy know:
Although his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

8 It was for sinners Jesus died,
'Tis Christ that bids them come;
None that comes shall be deny'd,
For still he cries there's room.

CHORUS.

Once again I charge you stop,
For unless you warning take;
E'er you are aware you'll drop,
Into the burning lake.

HYMN CVII. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN CVIII. L. M.

1 TH' eternal Sov'reign from on high
Cast on the sons of men his eye,
To see, if any understood,
And fear'd, and lov'd their Maker, God.

2 But all were so degen'rate grown,
None the true God had fully known;
Both Jew and Gentile long had been
By lust enslav'd, and dead in sin.

3 Both gone from wisdom's path astray,
Pursu'd the errors of their way,
With dismal superstition blind;
And causeless terrors fill'd their mind.

4 Who, gracious God! to sinners' eyes
Could bid the wish'd salvation rise?
Thy Son did light and truth display,
And turn their darkness into day.

5 No flesh shall boast of righteousness,
But guilty shall themselves confess;
And, when they hear thy pard'ning voice,
In thy salvation shall rejoice.

HYMN CIX. S. M.

Moses and Christ; or, *Sins against the Law and the Gospel.* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;

Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN CX. C. M.

1 THE Lord into his vineyard comes,
Our various fruit to see;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines ev'ry tree.

2 Tremble ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,
Which arms his awful hand.

3 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
Thy long-expecting grace:
Else had we low in ruin fall'n,
And known no more our place.

4 Succeeding years thy patience waits;
Nor let it wait in vain:
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

HYMN CXI. P. M.

The day of grace.

1 THE Lord into his garden came,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive:
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
And makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become.
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun;
My soul a witness is,
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind, as well as me,
Who comes to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind:
Who will them all receive.
None are too late who will repent;
Out of one sinner legion's went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come brethren, you that love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word;
In Jesu's way go on,
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 I feel that heav'n is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne;
From Jesu's throne on high
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again;
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround a throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring;
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on! my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there:
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansions sure.
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in the heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN CXII. P. M.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet did he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd—"Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And spar'd us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CXIII. C. M.

The Church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode

Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavillion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

HYMN CXIV. L. M.

The Prodigal Son; or, *the repenting Sinner accepted.* Luke xv. 32.

1 THE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep fetch'd sigh, the secret groan
Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn, when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parents throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn!

HYMN CXV. S. M.

Public Worship.

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again,
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove,
O'er all the earth abroad;
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN CXVI. C M.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;

O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be 'till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN CXVII. C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,

And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
To see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN CXVIII. P. M.

Our God forever and ever, Psalm xlviii. 14.

1 THIS God the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN CXIX. P. M.

1 THIS is the field; the world below,
In which the sower, came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares:
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth! and is it so,
Must all the world the harvest know;
Is every man the wheat or tare;
Then for the harvest O prepare:

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

3 To love my sins, a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare;
Will serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4 But all that truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see;
Shine like the sun forever there,
He that hath ears, O let him hear:
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

HYMN CXX. C. M.

Christ the Burden of the Song.

1 THOU dear Redeemer dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedeck.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay:

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN CXXI. L. M.

Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd. Solomon Song, i. 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.]

HYMN CXXII. L. M.

Love to God and our Neighbour. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God,
"With utmost vigour and delight.

2 " Then shall thy neighbour next in place
" Share thine affections and esteem ;
" And let thy kindness to thyself
" Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But, Oh, how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXXIII. C. M.

The Passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
" Awake, my dreadful sword ;
" Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
" My fellow," saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed, down she flies ;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, Oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now ;
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high!
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN CXXIV. C. M.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our dearest Lord was slain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appears on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

HYMN CXXV. L. M.

Children dying in their Infancy, in the arms of Jesus, Matt. xix. 14.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 " I take these lambs," said he,
" And lay them in my breast;
" Protection they shall find in me,
" In me be ever blest.

4 " Death may the bands of life unloose,
" But can't dissolve my love:
" Millions of infant souls compose
" The family above.

5 " Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
" And mould with heavenly skill:
' I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
" And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

HYMN CXXVI. C. M.

1 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,
And ev'ry heart with one accord
Ascends in solemn prayer.

2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love
In heav'nly show'rs descend,
Our souls commune with saints above
In bliss that knows no end.

3 We taste the precious streams of grace—
The fountain makes them sing:

We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the King.

4 We pray for grace to hold out well
The conflict but begun;
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.

5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down:
They weild no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the conqueror's crown.

HYMN CXXVII. S. M.

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN CXXVIII. S. M.

Dependance.

1 TO keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*.

4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMN CXXIX P. M.

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O son of man, I fly,
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'er past
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry barren place;
O descend on me and bring
The sweet refreshing grace;
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade;
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been;
In my utter helplessness—
Restraining me from sin:
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall take me up to thee.

HYMN CXXX. S. M.

The Lord's Day ; or, Delight in Ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN CXXXI. P. M.

1 WHAT now is my object and aim ?
What now is my hope and desire ?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire :
My hope is all centred in thee :
I trust to recover thy love ;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy thee above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God ;
A God that on Calvary dy'd ;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side !

I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to redrink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN CXXXII. C. M.

A Hymn for a Fast-Day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

1 WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single, holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Columbia guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend
And can those prayers be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN CXXXIII. C. M.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away?

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the *Christ* of *God*;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case:
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

HYMN CXXXIV. C. M.

The lost sheep found; or, *Joy in Heaven on the Conversion of a Sinner*, Luke xv. 3, 4.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold,
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well-pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN CXXXV. L. M.

The happiness of being with Christ.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing his flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
And faints my much lov'd Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart;
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic convoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to see his face
Through the full beamings of his grace.

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wings!
Performing with unweary'd hands
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n begun below.

HYMN CXXXVI. C. M.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

1 WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise

HYMN CXXXIX. S. M.

Waiting for the Coming of his Lord; or, the active Christian, Luke xii. 35—38.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
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And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

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LET the seventh angel sound on high,	60
Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,	ib.
Life is the time to serve the Lord,	61
Like sheep we went astray,	62
Like showers on meadows newly mown,	63
Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,	64
Long have I sat beneath the sound	65
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;	66
Lord, at thy sacred feet	ib.
Lord, at thy temple we appear,	67
Lord, I cannot let thee go,	68
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand	69
Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound	70
MAGNIFICENT free grace, arise	ib.
Make up thy jewels Lord, and shew,	71
Mark the soft-falling snow,	72
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,	ib.
My God how endless is thy love!	73
My God, in whom are all the springs	74
My *God*, what silken cords are thine!	75
My hope, my All, my Saviour thou,	ib.
My Saviour, my almighty Friend,	76

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My Shepherd will supply my need -	77
My soul survey thy happiness, - -	78
NO more, my God, I boast no more -	ib.
Now shall my inward joys arise, - -	79
Now shall our hearts with pleasure raise	80
OTHOU God of my salvation, - -	81
O when shall I see Jesus, - -	82
Of all the pleasures that we know, - -	83
Oh, for a closer walk with God! -	84
Oh! give me Lord my sins to mourn— -	85
Oh, if my soul was form'd for woe, -	ib.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, - -	86
Our heavenly Father calls, - -	87
Our Lord is risen from the dead, - -	88
Our souls in love together knit, -	89
RAISE your triumphant songs - -	90
"SHEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes,	ib.
Stop poor sinner, stop and think, -	92
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Th' eternal Sov'reign from on high -	94
The law by Moses came, - - -	ib.
The Lord into his vineyard comes, -	95
The Lord into his garden came, - -	96
The Lord of earth and sky, - -	97
The Lord of glory is my light - -	98
The mighty God will not despise -	99
The praying spirit breathe, - -	100
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, -	ib.
There is a land of pure delight, - -	101
This God is the God we adore, - -	102
This is the field; the world below, -	102

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Thou dear Redeemer dying Lamb, -	- 103
Thou whom my soul admires above -	104
Thus saith the first, the great command	ib.
Thus saith the Ruler of the skies, -	- 105
Thus we commemorate the day, -	106
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord, -	- ib.
'Tis good to wait upon the Lord, -	107
To God, the only wise, - -	- 108
To keep the lamp alive - -	109
To the haven of thy breast, - -	- 110
WELCOME, sweet day of rest, -	111
What now is my object and aim? -	ib.
When Abram, full of sacred awe, -	112
When any turn from Zion's way, -	- 113
When some kind shepherd from his fold,	114
While on the verge of life I stand -	115
Why, O my soul why weepest thou?	- ib.
Why should we start, and fear to die! -	116
With earnest longings of the mind,	- 117
YE servants of the Lord, - -	118